DECEMBER 11 — 23, 1977

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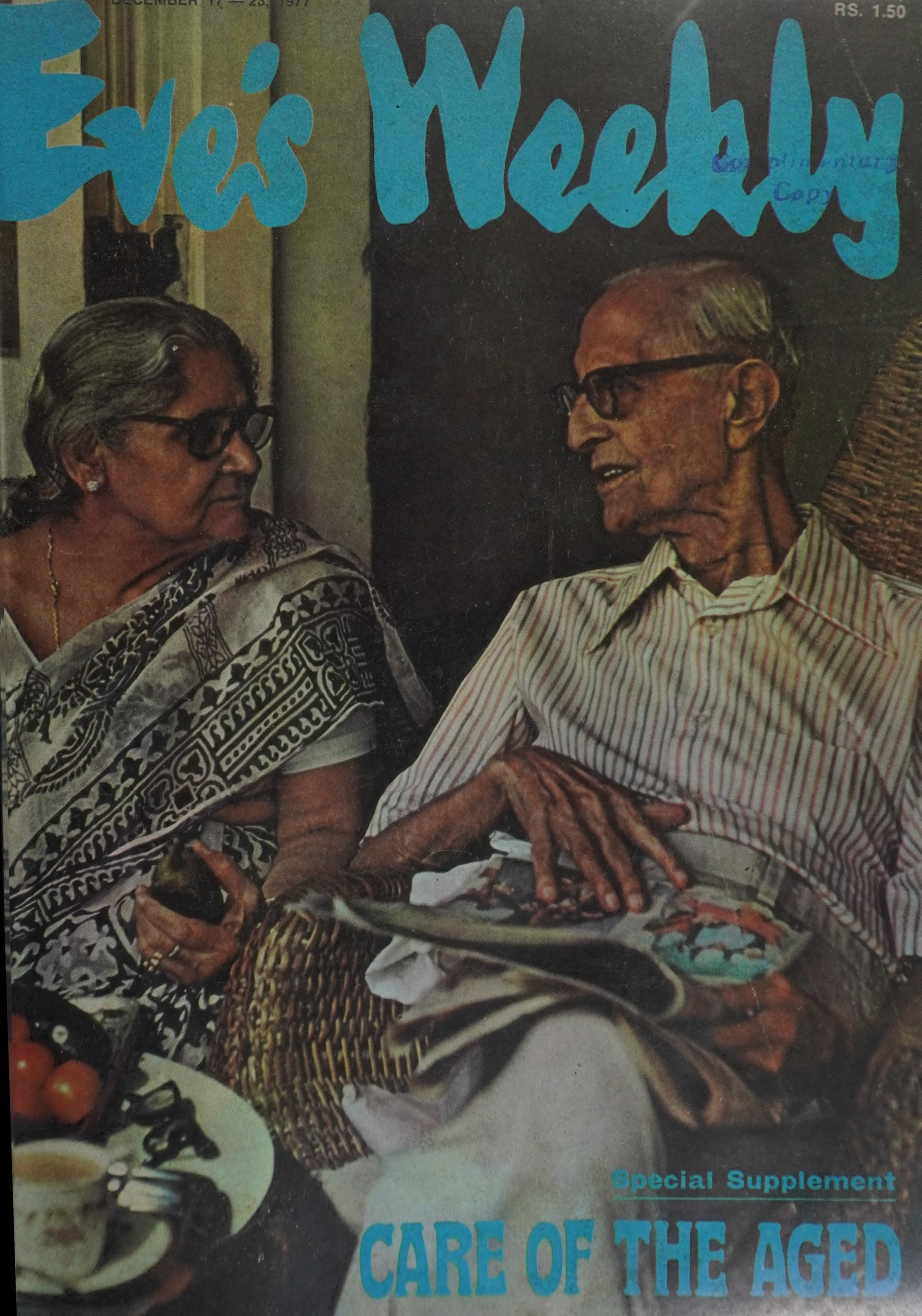

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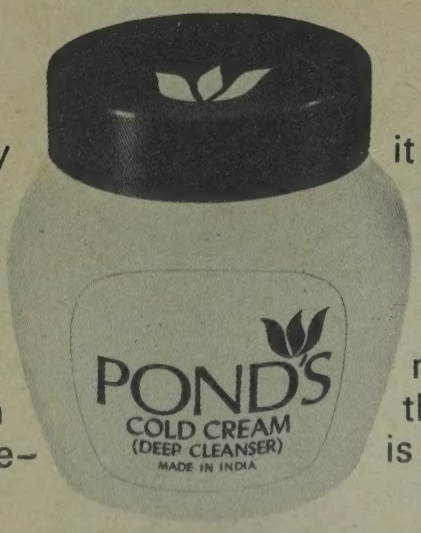

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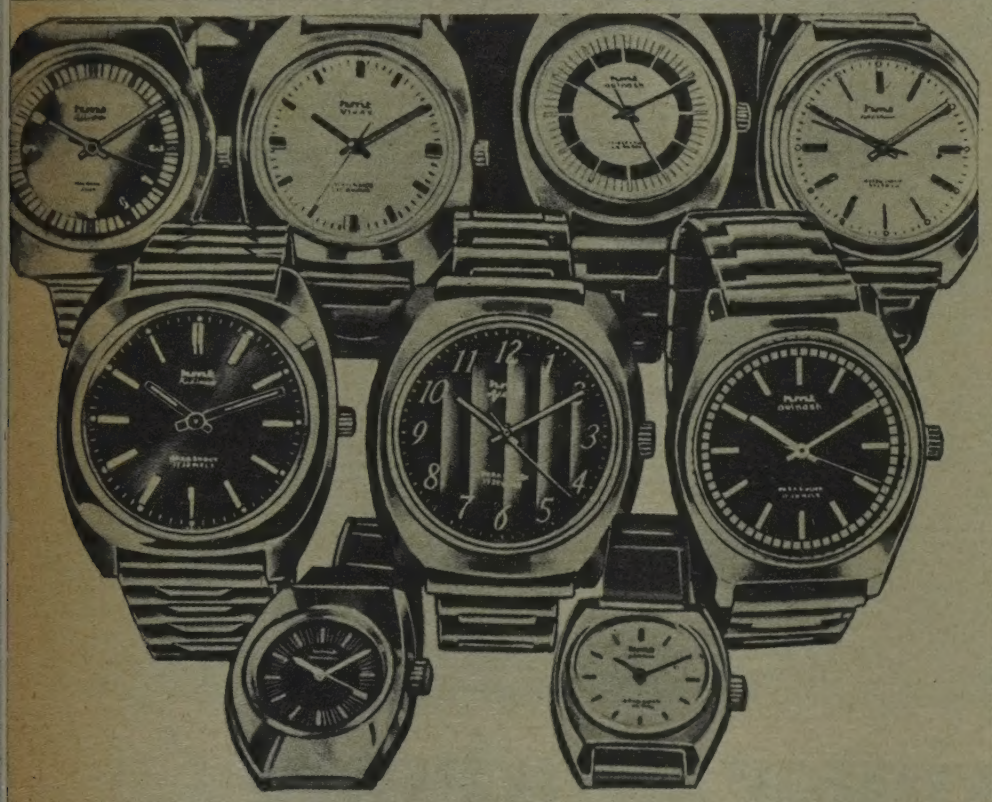

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COVER STORY

There is much self-righteous talk in India about the "sad plight" of old people in the West. Perhaps it is time we indulged in some self-examination and thought honestly about the condition of the aged in our own country today.

Accepted, in India old age has hitherto been considered an advantage and a privilege rather than a problem. In fact, many young people complain about the tendency here to assume that wisdom and knowledge come only with old age and that old people "know best."

However, today one can no longer ignore the effect of urbanization and the breakdown of the joint family system on the attitudes towards and the concerns of the senior citizens of India. In our special supplement, we have attempted to highlight some aspects of old age — particularly care of the aged—in modern India. Drupadi and Pahlajrai Kirpalani appear on our cover to represent elderly couples in India today.

Photograph: Pankaj Shah

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Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st prize

THE OLD WAR!

I propose that the year 1978 be designated Grandpas' Lib Year. We, the old men in our sixties and seventies, will demand our rights; not only demand, but use coercive measures if needed. We are no longer going to be treated as cooks, servants, and errand bearers for our sons and daughters, and baby sitters for our grandchildren. We are not going to be relegated to a backroom or attic whenever there is a party celebrating feasts, anniversaries or birthdays. I do not know if there is a law enforcing children to maintain their parents in old age. We shall get the Government to enact such a law. (I read a news item some time back: "Father sues son for maintenance"). We are not going to be thrown into a home for the aged. We want to be looked after and live in reasonable comfort. We do not want new clothes, new shoes and luxuries. All we want is our immediate needs and the bare necessities of life. We want peace, quiet and to be allowed to do what we like — within reason. We do not ask for love, affection or 'baksheesh' because we know it will not be forthcoming. Here's a tip for men: 'Save, save and save, while you are working. Save in fixed deposits so that you cannot withdraw the money while in service. On retirement opt for pension, keeping aside some cash in a savings bank account. Remember we veterans in the age group of three score and ten are a tough lot, not like the long-haired youth of today. We have seen two world wars, two Indo-Pakistani wars, and one Chinese intrusion. We were in the armed or civil services which kept the enemy back. Grandpas of the world unite!

J. F. D'Souza, Bombay

Hey, what about the grandmas? Don't they come into the picture, too? Or, you'd be quite satisfied for them to remain cooks and baby sitters? Seriously though, we do feel it is high time grandparents got a better deal. And that is why we present our Special Section on the aged, in this Issue.

2nd prize

SLIGHTED BRIDE

Recently I got in touch with a party seeking a bride—in response to their matrimonial ad. in a leading English daily inviting proposals for an airline executive. When the day was fixed for the party's visit to my house. I made all elaborate arrangements to receive the prospective bridegroom. Being an orphan. I invited some of my relatives to be present on the day, to negotiate the proposal.

The bridegroom never turned up. I waited in vain. What a cruel joke it was! I had to hang my head in shame in front of those present.

Does this conduct behove a man who claims himself to be an airline executive? What right has he to crush the tender feelings of a helpless girl? What would have been his feelings if his own sister were to face a similar situation?

As I muse over my bitter experience, I begin to wonder whether a number of matrimonial ads appearing in newspapers are a mere hoax. I do not know how many more like me are cheated in the same way. Tell me, cannot such swindlers be brought to book?

Miss R. Indira, Bombay

As long as women like you—and their parents—go overboard on these matrimonial ads, the men will get away with it. You are lucky that you experienced merely the insult of the man not turning up. Others have gone into alliances and rued the day. When will women ever learn?

3rd prize

LOAD OF WISDOM?

We have been treated to absorbing articles on modern education which is admittedly in a mess. But what escapes the notice of teachers as well as parents and guardians is the effect of the heavy load of books children have to carry, daily, to and fro from school. The load has to be felt to make us realise that a drastic change is called for—indeed is long overdue. It rarely occurs to us that a load of thirty to forty books carried in a bag slung across the back can cause a droop of the shoulders and a curvature of the spine leading to permanent physical defect.

Urgent steps must, therefore, be taken to stop such overload on tender children. Both teachers and guardians must insist that school children carry only the books required for the day and thus prevent physical strain.

Lyra, Bombay

Thirty or forty books is, perhaps, an exaggeration. But yes, we have seen little boys and girls trudging to school bent over with the weight of their schoolbags. However, young bodies, if they are healthy can well bear this weight. What we are worried about is the very fact that such a load should be put on these youngsters in the name of "homework."

PEEPING INTO EVE'S

A writer mentioned recently that she has been reading Eve's Weekly since her school-days when it was a loose-paged magazine. It struck me then that this magazine has indeed been a witness to an era. My own memories take me back to the days when abundance of paper allowed it to be large-leaved and priced as little as twenty-five paise! More interesting, however, is the fact that it has been a mirror to changing times — projecting new ideas, initiating struggles and celebrating achievements. A peep into its history would be interesting and illuminating, not to speak of the nostalgia this would evoke. Would it not be a good idea to have a small column entitled, 'Eve's Weekly—25 Years Ago'? As the saying goes, 'The more we look back, the more we look ahead'.

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

We are flattered and grateful. But really, we'd much rather "look ahead" in a more practical way by striving towards better achievements and a glorious future.

MORE CASH, NOW

We have now increased the prize money for the three Best Letters to Rs. 25, Rs. 15 and Rs. 10.

We are, however, discontinuing the system of sending a complimentary copy to each writer.

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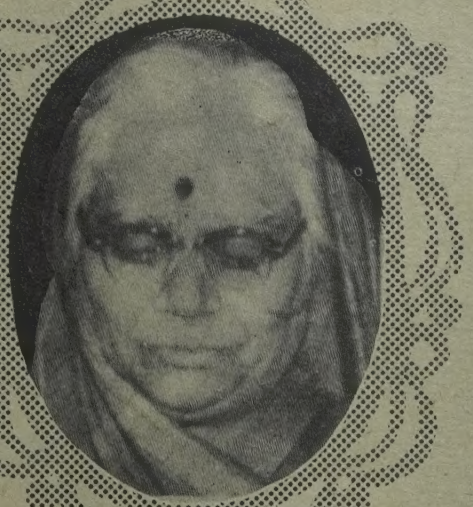


MANIBEN KARA:

AMIDST THE TOIL AND TURMOIL

A militant trade unionist, a rational individual, Maniben recalls the evolution of her political ideas.

The name of the building doesn't register, but the panwali does know where Maniben Kara lives. At the end of a maze of dark stairs and long corridors is the flat, with a large, bright drawing room. Maniben sits on a sofa beneath a black and white photograph of a grey-haired man in a dark suit. It's the only picture in the room. If there had been a Gandhiji stooped on his Dandi march or a faded print of M. N. Roy, it would have helped to confirm one's preconceptions. But there are no telltale signs of the occupant's gurus, artistic inclinations or the other things that pictures on a wall give out.

Maniben, 72 this year, sits very squarely on blue rexine, her face dominated by a strong nose and eyes that have a habit of turning on you under a lowering forehead. As she speaks you can see her over three decades ago giving a May Day speech. From the platform of the Girni Kamgar Union, Maniben talked about how the alien rulers could be thrown into disarray, about how a bloody revolution could be begun.

"Times were different then, the British were here, I was young. I told the workers how to cut electric cables and railway lines and to send hundreds of telegrams to the police force asking them to come out and join us." She got a two-year prison sentence for that piece of rhetoric and she chuckles now over the daring of it and the total certainty of youth about its causes.

She was a "B" class prisoner in Arthur Road Jail in Bombay when the case came up for appeal in the High Court. The section of the Criminal Procedure Code under which she was tried applied to attempts to overthrow the governmen and spread disorder by fomenting trouble between Hindus and Muslims, she says, and "didn't apply to the class struggle that we were waging." She was let off the hook. "The case made legal history and the judge who delivered the judgement had to resign on my account later."

She chuckles again remembering the shock waves that hit her family of staid conservative textile magnates with the publicity over the case. They finally had to accept that she was the odd, recalcitrant member of the clan, who had made up her mind not to accept a traditional role, one that offered to cushion her from the toil and turmoil of life. To Maniben that would have been like living in a padded cell.

"Only my papa understood what I was doing. He was liberal and open-hearted, my best friend." He supported her even though he did not necessarily agree with all her activities. It was her papa who arranged for a barrister when she was in jail. It was her papa again who stood by her when the rest of the large family grew alarmed by her transformation from social worker to trade unionist, from liberal to Royist.

Maniben talks about the ideas that have influenced her life and work. "My papa believed," she says, "that education was as important for girls as it was for boys. But no religion, there were no idols or pictures of so-called gods in our home." Their mother was free to continue her religious devotions if she wished, but the education of the daughters was left to their father. He seems to have stressed individuality and rationality. He encouraged Maniben to think for herself. It is this drive, with many changes of gear, that one can see behind the main events of her career.

As a student in a missionary school in Bombay, Maniben visited some Harijan chawls. "I was angered and ashamed to find that I hardly knew such slums existed. That prompted me to take up social work." She worked for some time in the teeming chawls of Tardeo and Belasis Road where seven thousand people lived on the wages of textile workers. She started a creche for young children whose mothers went out to work, taught young wives "who were too young to be denied any formal education" about hygiene and child care and a little reading and writing. She read newspapers to the men in the evenings.

How can you talk about the multiple benefits of soap and water to people who don't get enough to eat? Maniben and her social worker friends came face to face with another kind of reality. Meanwhile communist trade unionists in the area began to distribute handbills saying that these do-gooder middle class women were sabotaging the revolution. "The theory was that the greater the repression, the earlier the revolution."

Pretty soon, some mothers in the chawls were openly insulting, questioning the motives of an unmarried young woman who visited the chawls regularly. "They began to tell me to mind my own business. It was like a slap in my face." Maniben had to rethink many things and began to see how helping 200 families was a drop in the ocean. She then came in contact with M. N. Roy and his ideas and "before I knew where I was I had joined the Municipal Workers Union and become its president."

Throughout the next thirty years as an active trade unionist, she was influenced by Marxist ideas, but the precise stand she took on various issues she says she worked out for herself. She supported the Second World War effort, for instance, when others were caught in a theoretical cleft stick wondering whether it was an imperialist war or a people's war. Today she has moved in a different direction again and is a Radical Humanist (V. M. Tarkunde is the president of the movement) and continues to lead half a dozen major unions including the All-India Railwaymen's Federation.

"There's a funny incident, perhaps unique, that I want to tell you about," she interrupts the evolution of her political ideas, "because it says something about what it was like to be a woman in a field that has very very few." The International Transport Workers' Federation threw a party for her when she represented India at a conference a few years ago. "The hall was full of sailors and I must have been the only woman there. Someone remarked that India must be very advanced to have a labour leader who was a woman." But there was some awkwardness in the air because a party meant that the sailors wanted to get down to some serious drinking and they didn't quite know what to do about Maniben. "Well, it was simple. I drank as well (I held a permit in those days!) and the party ran its normal course, winding up at about twelve or one."

What about her middle-classness — how did trade union workers react? Maniben explains what a declassed intellectual is in Marxist terms. "If you share an ideology, class distinctions should be no problem."

Then she refers to other ways of relating to people. It comes from what her father taught her. "A positive attitude to life — not the philosophy of the denial of the good things of life of some 82-year-olds today. My papa always said that we've been given eyes to see good things and ears to hear good things and so on. So, for example, instead of telling workers not to drink I would first provide good substitutes — sports, gymnasia, etc. Even modern psychology tells you that it's better to say 'Do this rather than that' instead of just saying 'no.

"My papa didn't live like an ascetic and yet he always looked fit. This photograph here — he always liked to dress well — you can't tell from it how old he was when it was taken, he looks so young."

Amrita Abraham

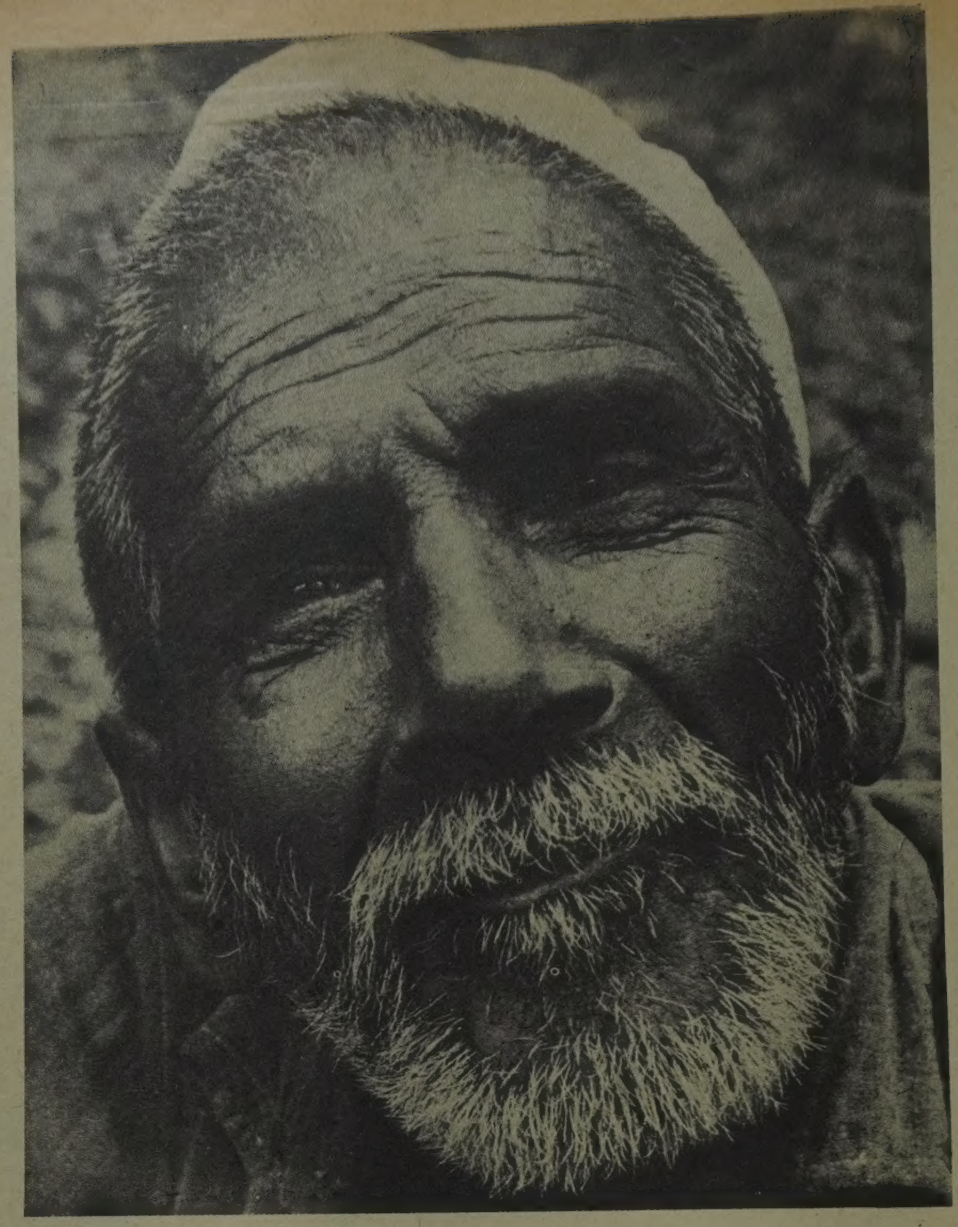
CORRECTION

The cover photograph in our issue of December 10 was by Dhiraj Chawda.

THE EXPERIENCE

The physical and mental changes which accompany the ageing process need advance preparation and provision by both the individual and society.

Meena Prashantham



I would like to begin by sharing with you how the subject of gerontology (the scientific study of the processes of growing old), captured my interest.

I had the privilege of doing voluntary work at a nursing home for elders in Sri Lanka. This Home was aided by the Government and managed by Catholic nuns. In the beginning, I had some apprehensions about working around the elderly and the work did not really appeal to me in the first couple of weeks. I could not stand the smell and I did not particularly relish scrubbing soiled linen and giving the old persons baths. Perhaps I rebelled against the idea that I would be reduced to this helpless stage after some years. But it did not take me too long to adjust to the work — in fact I began to love it.

The old people may have been physically weak and even helpless but this had not in any way weakened their love, wisdom or understanding. Most of them were grateful for any kind word you gave them. Some of them did not even demand time in term of hours, but when I did take the trouble to stop and greet them and make inquiries about themselves or their families, it obviously meant a great deal to them. It gave me tremendous satisfaction to see the radiance and beauty in those aged faces. Some of them had not gone to school, but from their invaluable experience of life uttered many a word of wisdom.

Last year, I had the opportunity to visit a nursing home for elders in America a couple of times a week as part of a course in counselling. Most of the time I listened to them — they seemed eager to talk about their families and loved ones, their own youth, their work and also to register little complaints about their ailments. There was always a sparkle in their eyes as they talked about their children and grand children. From these experiences of being around elders, one thing I realized is that, despite the obvious differences in cultures around the world, most of the problems aged persons face, especially the emotional ones, are similar all over the world.

"LATER ADULTHOOD"

I have had the privilege of doing a course in Gerontology under the expert guidance of three experienced persons in this area — Dr. Arthur Becker, Professor on Pastoral Counselling, Dr. Ron Ramstead, Director of Nursing Homes for Elders in the U.S., and Rev. Paul Meuser, Chaplain of a very large Institute for Elders in the U.S. As a result of this course and my past experience in dealing with older persons, I got interested in this subject and feel strongly that this is an area which needs a lot of attention in India.

Old age is also called "later adulthood" and according to some psychologists begins at the age of fifty one. To some, this is a unique challenge —to apply all the experiences they have gained through the years to the new problems of old age, continuing old and developing new relationships and enjoying the adaptations he or she makes to the new demands of this stage of life. To others, this stage may be a state of physical and psychological deterioration, bringing in its wake loss of memory, helplessness, various other ailments or involutional psychoses, and they progressively decline and die.

Developmental psychologists believe that old age requires that the elderly redirect their energies into new roles and activities such as becoming grandparents, changing jobs, retiring into leisure time activities, etc. Also needed at this time is an acceptance of one's life, taking stock of one's successes and failures, matters of pride as well as of regret. Some people seem to become depressed about their past and resign themselves to an unhappy future while others seem to become rigidly self-confident. Both these attitudes make it difficult for the elderly to make the necessary changes later on in life.

Newman and Newman suggest an alternative attitude which, in essence, is flexible and accepts the past in its entirety, both successes and failures. Such an attitude permits growth in new directions. As one grows older, one loses loved ones in death, and this is a painful loss. One also needs to accept the eventual death of oneself. In coping with these problems the elderly develop certain attitudes and points of view about death.

Erikson, who is famous for his developmental studies postulates that the crisis that older adults go through is "integrity versus despair." Integrity here means the capacity to accept one's past history and to face death without great fear. The negative way of resolving this stage of life is through what is called despair. Here the person gets frustrated and discouraged about the past and the present and may seek death as a way of ending a miserable existence or else dread it and live a very unhappy life, in bitterness. The important process necessary to resolve this crisis and achieve integrity is the process of introspection

For a long time, psychologists have painted the picture of older adults as one of declining intellectual ability. However, researches during the late sixties and seventies show more evidence for intellectual stability than for decline. Research further shows that older adults value their involvement in the social communi-

ty and resist negative attitudes towards them by denying they are old.

The study of the phenomenon of old age is known as "gerontology," while the branch of medicine that deals with the diagnosis and treatment of the ailments of the elderly is known as geriatrics.

SOME PHYSICAL ASPECTS

Among the many things I have read on the subject, I wish to refer to the following. With increase in age, there is often a gradual decline in physical strength. This, of course, varies with individuals. Some of the biomedical studies today have indicated the following, among other things:

1. Morbidity and morality do go up with age — there is greater vulnerability.
2. Increased incidence and severity of the three major chronic diseases — cardiovascular problems, cancer, and strokes — are unquestionable
3. Emphysema, rheumatism, arthritis and broken bones are also more widespread in old persons and have been most neglected by physicians, and those in charge of medical and biomedical education to date.

exist in the last one-half to one-fourth of life, but the bulk of deaths from these diseases is among older persons.

5. Age and disease are indeed frequently coincident. Yet no cause and affect has been established between disease and age, merely statistical evidence of increased susceptibility to disease.

HE SITUATION IN INDIA

I am appalled at the lack of vailable data on the conditions f the elderly in India. I will pro- ide what I consider to be facts. raditionally, India — like many sian countries — has been and ntinues to a great extent to be n "elder-directed society." Par- nts and grandparents in a joint- mily make many decisions re- ted to work and marriage. Eld- rs are to be respected, according the scriptures of the people. hey exercise authority and in- uence over the affairs of the mily and the community. Peo- le often maintain some distance om the elderly out of defer- nce and fear and they never call em by their first names.

Although elders do influence ecisions about youth much of ne time they are mature deci- ons. There is also a lot of war- th and affection in the relation- hips between the old and the oung in India. Elders in the fa- give all their resources to their children and they are usually taken care of by their children, traditionally the sons. There is a great deal of economic and emotional interdependence between the generations. There is closeness, concern and love, forebearance and patience, as well as problems, conflicts, hurts and burdens. There is no social security. Some people get pensions, which are often meagre.

All these general statements are variable in their applications to different groups and communities and must be understood against the following facts.

a) In India the socio-economic structure is roughly ten per cent rich, 20 per cent middle-class and 70 per cent poor.

b) Seventy five per cent of the people live in villages and are traditional in their life-styles.

c) There is a gradual growth in urbanisation, industrialisation and education and consequently some crises of authority, some rebellion by the youth against the authority of the elders.

d) There is an increase in the longevity of people, from 30-40 years some decades ago to the 50s and 60s.

e) Retirement age for workers in public and private sectors has been fixed as 55 or 58 years, 60 or 65 in some institutions. In the traditional, illiterate sections (often wiser than the literates) and among caste-conscious people the old people work till they die. Today there is a growing number of retired persons feeling unwanted and useless.

There is a need for systematic survey of the concerns of the elderly in India. A small percentage of rich people in India are living independently, a majority are living with their families and a small number are abandoned by families and confronted with poverty or serious illness and need institutional care.

In this last point, the work of some private groups in running homes for elders is very commendable. Family care together with day-care centres should, in my opinion, be the major caring approach in India while institutionalization should be the recourse for those without families. We can also learn from a country like the United States some ways of meeting the challenges of caring for the elderly in a changing society.

THE SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES

Today, ten per cent of Americans are over 65 years old. There is a growing recognition in the US that old people are unique and need care, one aspect of which is preparing them for death. For this, it is proposed to train workers and exclude in the selection of trainees those who are too young, those who are psychotic or pre-psychotic, and those whose personal mourning process is still within one year.

(The American situation is discussed in greater detail in the article Growing old in America on page 40 — Ed.)

In this article I have attempted to briefly indicate some of the known psychological and physiological aspects of old age. Based on my observation, I have also attempted to present facts and issues relating to the life of the elderly in India and United States. While there are certain practical matters to be learned from the United States, I stand for retaining some of the helpful attitudes and approaches already existent in our culture. At the same time, it will not do to be blind to some of the real problems of adjustments of the elderly and those who care for them in India, particularly in urban areas where it is much more obvious. I made many futile attempts to secure results of any studies on old age done in India. I believe that it is time we start some systematic research into the problems and potentials of the elderly. I was surprised that in a 1975 publication called "Modern Perspectives in the Psychiatry of Old Age," edited by John Howells, hardly anything is written from or about India, while a number of other countries and cultures are mentioned. Persons in training in the caring professions—such as physicians, nurses, social workers and psychologists—could, in their work, either in the institutions or in the community, pay some attention to the concerns of the elderly. Somehow, I feel the family and the community would be the best places for the elderly to be in. However, activities, attitudes and arrangements suitable to their particular needs and concerns would be helpful.

At the time of writing this article the following ideas seem to me some of the possibilities to experiment with, with a view to adjusting to the current realities of life for the elderly in India and to strive to retain as well as enhance the dignity of the elderly and those who live with them.

a) Preparation for retirement could become a part of the continuing education programmes for all persons employed, since there seem to be a lot of people who have not given much thought to retirement.

b) Part of this preparation could include formal or informal open conversations among family members so that issues may be clarified and feelings may be expressed and accepted.

c) Society must seriously think of providing alternate ways and means of utilising the strengths and experience of the elderly so that they may feel worthwhile, while at the same time elders should encourage youngsters to take increasing responsibility.

d) External deference need not fool anybody into thinking that there are no tensions. Inter-generational conflicts are a growing phenomenon everywhere, including India, and inter-generational cooperation is a possibility.

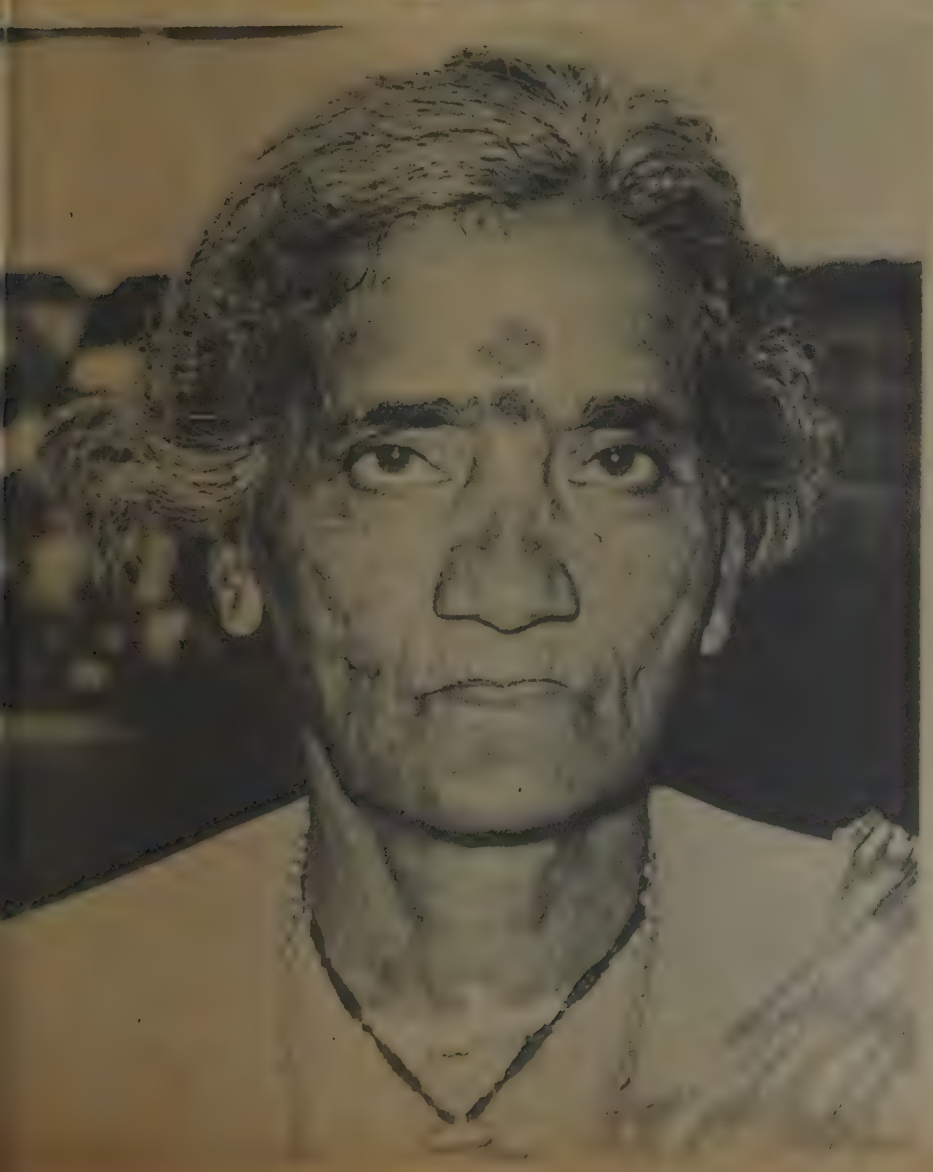
e) I have heard as well as observed in India the need not only for emotional adjustment but also for realistic and appropriate economic planning for the later years. Preparation for retirement may include economic, emotional, familial aspects without, of course, ignoring the important aspect of facing one's own death. I have noticed that compared to the West we have a much more wholesome and accepting attitude towards old age and death. I also find that Americans are more practical in matters related to economic planning, writing of wills, etc. We in India could pay more attention to those aspects.

I have done some loud thinking above. I would like to do some systematic studies when I return to India in a few months. If any readers would like to write and share their ideas, suggestions and experiences on this matter I will be very happy to hear from them at the following address: Christian Counselling Centre,

P. Bag 110, Sainathapuram, Vellore 632001, Tamil Nadu.

I will be there from March 1978.

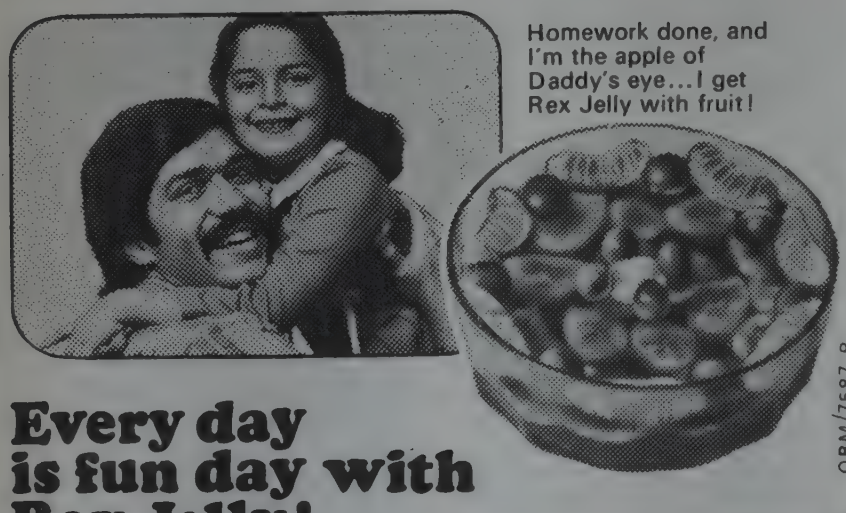
OF AGEING



"My mummy sure can make Rex Jelly yummy!"

Our twin treat
—Rex Jelly with custard

Guests get 'rainbow' Rex Jelly with lots of cream (I get some too!)



Homework done, and I'm the apple of Daddy's eye... I get Rex Jelly with fruit!

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Rainbow Jelly

1 packet Rex Raspberry Jelly
1 packet Rex Strawberry Jelly
1 packet Brown & Polson Blancmange, whipped cream for decoration

Prepare Raspberry Jelly. Place in large moistened mould to set.

Prepare Blancmange (refer to pack). Cool by placing over cold water, stirring once in a way. When cool but not set, spoon over set Raspberry Jelly.

Prepare Strawberry Jelly. Spoon carefully over set Blancmange.

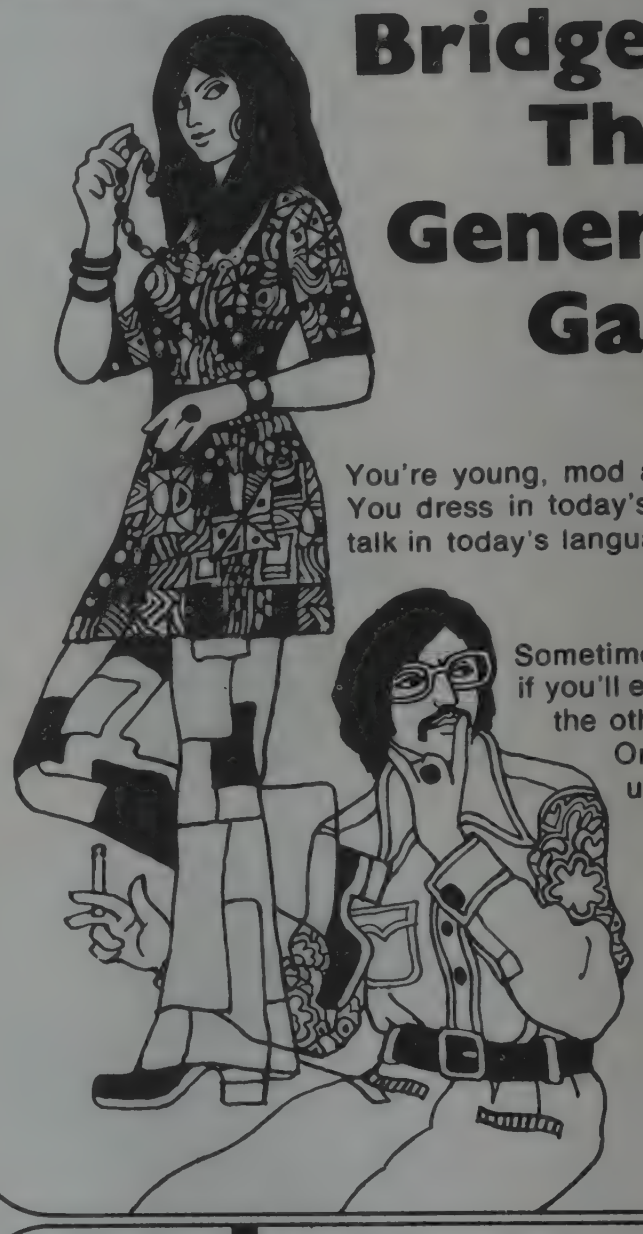
Chill till set.

To serve, unmould and decorate with whipped cream.

BOROLINE

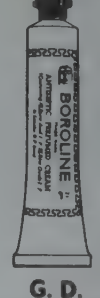
ANTISEPTIC PERFUMED CREAM

Bridges The Generation Gap...



You're young, mod and trendy.
You dress in today's fashions and you talk in today's language.

Sometimes you wonder if you'll ever understand the other generation. Or if they'll ever understand you.



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keeps your skin healthy, helps heal minor cuts and prevents chapping.

That's why you use
BOROLINE.
The same way the other generation has been doing for years. Sometimes you wonder if the other generati is all that difficult to understand after all.

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the trusted choice for any generation.

CARE OF THE AGED

Letters from readers, recounting their experiences in caring for the aged or in being cared for by the youngsters, serve as the basis of this survey

Shailaja Ganguly

Under a carefully underlined ıb-title: "Daughter looking after derly parents," eighteen year-d Queresha admits with the freshing candour of youth that, hile she is a proud possessor of r parents and her relationship ıth them is "loving," it is also ppered heavily with "contradic-ons."

A late child (her parents are and 69 years old), Queresha els hopeless at times trying to idge this yawning gap. An at-mpt, for instance, to air her cret ambition to be an air-host-s will, she knows, be abortive. en her request to attend an oc-sional late night party is brush-off by the regressive argu-ent, "When I was 22 years old, wasn't even allowed to see a ovie."

Just think back to your own weet-seventeen" days and you ow exactly what Q. means ien she grumbles, "Often they ult me in the presence of my friends and I just hate my pride being hurt." Not that these prickly tiffs are a constant feature. Q., for instance, just enjoys the banter that goes on (and on) between her parents. In the mornings, when Daddy yells for attention, Mummy mumbles, "This is the worst time of the day because both your father and the tea are boiling," or when Dad gives her a pat on the back for winning the elocution prize, saying, "Little wonder! You are your mother's daughter after all."

No, Q. does not grudge the fact hat ageing and consequent health problems of her parents have stepped up her work load in the house. She only wishes they would accommodate at least some of her whims instead of crushing them with pedantic pronouncements like "Society does not permit or accept this." Q. has spotted the chink in their armour when she asks disarmingly, "Don't they realise that the society that they are so conscious of is doing nothing for them?"—for it is she and her kid sister who are making the compromises, moderating their impulses and bringing sunshine into the twilight hours of their fond but overbearing parents.

Even more touching is the tale of a young lady from Calcutta who has been nursing a mother with a serious nervous break down for the past six years. Typical of some of the farcical joint families of today, her brothers and their wives lead fun-filled lives and have heedlessly burdened her alone with such a traumatic problem—with devastating consequences.

"I have almost forgotten that I am an individual with desires and ambitions in these tiresome, distressing years. I have lost my self-confidence—the liveliness of an optimist is gone—the powerful personality of a Sagittarian is at stake," she writes in anguish. And the fact that she has signed the letter as a mere "somebody" seems to lay the final stamp of a loss of identity on this child whom a selfish family has cheated of the carefree years of youth.

There were many letters in the same vein, where large families, instead of cooperatively sharing the responsibility for an aged relative, heartlessy shove him/her onto the shoulders of the most submissive, self-sacrificing member.

Quoted above are just a couple of letters from the overwhelming response we received from readers narrating personal experiences of taking care of elderly relatives. Selecting relevant excerpts, an attempt has been made here to highlight the many aspects of this issue. To turn to another letter from a daughter (Mrs. B. Shaw) who is taking care of her 76-year-old father:

"The care of my father begins at about 5.30 a.m.—his morning chore, meals and dressing have to be done with care," she writes. Age has mutilated this kind and gentle man who "held the key position in a church." Amnesia and irritability have crept in and he is annoyed that he cannot recognise church goers who had loved and respected him. On the daughter falls the duty of offering apologies and explanations.

"I had a terrible mental and physical strain initially," she confesses. She claims she has drawn strength by reminding herself of "the contributions he has made to the enrichment of my life". . . a sturdy moral indeed. If only some more of us stopped to unveil our conscience when we grouch, "Oh! I just can't get away before 12 because Daddy has hyperacidity and must have his meals and medicine on time," or "God! The old woman is such a fuss-pot, she just won't touch a morsel outside, so even when we dine out, I have to come home and cook for her." Granted, there has to be a lot of physical and emotional adjustment, as Mrs. Shaw has stressed, but should one forget that these gnarled hands and feeble frames once changed our nappies, sponged our tears and guided our faltering footsteps?

From parents, to in-laws, and we have Mrs. Mohan who was

"Daddy was right. I am the most beautiful girl in the world!"

Listen to the thunderous applause, little beauty. Wave to the cheering crowds. Blush at the countless compliments. There's a song in your heart...and stars in your eyes. Today is yours.

Elusive dreams...so much a part of growing up. Amul understands so well a child's wonderland of dreams. Because Amul is so much a part of growing up too.

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CARE OF THE AGED

blessed with a good mother and a better(!) mother-in-law and hence feels "they were never a burden to me." Again, there is Mrs. Padmanaban whose father-in-law (note!) chopped vegetables, taught her to cook, and did not trespass into her independent interests, thus making it easy for her to cheerfully minister to his needs.

Others have had their share of "teething trouble" before arriving at a tension-free "treaty." There is Mrs. Rattan, whose "vibes" with the mother-in-law underwent a foe-to-friend metamorphosis over a trying period of several years. Moved by this experience, Mrs. R. has drawn a sound conclusion: "Old people are like children—you have to make them feel that they are wanted and not merely dependent. By allowing my mother-in-law to cook her son's favourite dishes I keep her occupied and happy and this also gives me enough time to devote to my long-neglected hobbies."

A similar letter comes from Mrs. Iyer (who was flayed by her in-laws for the occasional dinner and movie outing) and she concedes that there is some "gain" in caring for in-laws when her father-in-law regales them at the dinner table or indulges her son with generous doses of attention.

Then there are, of course, innumerable instances when friendly advances from the daughter-in-law are totally spurned. Mrs. Singh, who has had such malicious, quarrelsome treatment from her father-in-law, feels that taking care of him is nothing but an unpleasant chore. Such harshness can, in extreme cases, even result in a breakdown fraying the marital bond itself, as Mrs. Ashok has reported.)

Now, to turn an ear to the other side of the story. What do the elderly people have to say about living with their children?

A stark and succint summary of the most familiar grounds of contention in the youth vs. age battle ("Young men think old men are fools; old men know young men are fools."—Chapman) comes from Mrs. Swaminathan, a widow who lives temporarily with her only son. She feels that the modern disbelief in God and disrespect of elders are responsible for making it difficult for aged parents to live with their offspring. Being a "religious minded woman" she feels awkward, bored and dejected" when her son holds parties where there is "smoking, drinking, card-playing and even dancing!" While she thinks he is carrying things too far and spoiling his wife and children, he feels all this is essential for coming up in life."

Two perceptive young persons have analysed the reasons why the older generation nurses resentment and picks on the younger set. Mr. Suresh Kumar explains, "Old age, in addition to being shelved, involves dependence on the younger members of the family for the satisfaction of the smallest physical need; add to this the inner nagging of unfulfilled desires, of undischarged responsibilities, and you know why a hitherto cheerful, likeable guy turns crabby, cranky or just impossible."

The second reader asks you to visualise the painfully inevitable switchover when a strong-minded, independent person who has ruled the roost in a large family has to grapple with fading sight, butter-fingers and an unsteady gait. His fierce pride does not permit him to bow to the body's weakness and he shudders at the prospect of being stripped of all his power. Naturally he turns possessive and demanding till he tides over the difficult days and settles with grace to enjoy a well-earned rest.

To sum up:

I am reminded of a caustic bit of verse, "Daddyo," by Gavin Ewart, where the poet faces advancing age—"My hearing deadens. My eyes aren't good in artificial light. The memory wobbles."

He shamefacedly recalls his brash youth when he felt father was "a harsh crass old man" and now it is his turn to be the red-faced fool that sons hate, tittered at by sneering miniskirts.

The unhappy gist of it all is in the realisation that "It's strange to wear a dead man's shoes to know exactly where each one pinches."

Clinging steadfastly to filial bonds, the older generation (with some exceptions) in our country cannot accept the idea of Old Age Homes or independent set-ups, which they feel are tantamount to being cast off—"martyred, degraded and unwanted," as one reader describes it. How then can the younger people strike a bargain with their octopian demands, ignited by hypochondria, financial insecurity and ill-health? One reader has a healthy suggestion: start a large number of "Autumn Clubs" where the ageing can meet their cronies in their "anecdotage" and have a cosy chuckle about the good old days.

"The elderly are not a race apart—they are just you and me a few years hence," warns Doris Frey, and if only we bear this brutal truth in mind, we can try to stifle both complaints and conflicts and learn to live with ourselves and with others.

Are you a little ashamed of your toilet?

Most of us are a little embarrassed about the state of our toilet. If only embarrassment were the only problem. Much worse is the fact that:

A dirty toilet is a breeding ground for germs, a source of infection. A health hazard for you and your family.

So don't take chances. Are you really sure of the cleanliness of your toilet? Even if the sweeper comes in every morning, is he doing his work well? Or is he just rushing through with it? If you have any doubts at all, here's the answer. Sanifresh.

Sanifresh—the hard-working lavatory cleanser.

Sanifresh works 3 ways:

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Sanifresh cleans your toilet thoroughly. It has a powerful cleansing agent that makes stubborn stains disappear. Even rust marks vanish. Your toilet sparkles clean!

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Sanifresh is so easy to use!
You do practically nothing. Just flush the toilet first. Sprinkle Sanifresh generously inside the toilet bowl. Leave for 3-4 hours. Or preferably, overnight. Then flush. If the flush does not work, then pour a bucketful of water. You can see how clean the toilet is.

How often should you use Sanifresh? Use it regularly—every single day.

It does all your dirty work to keep your toilet clean.

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CHAITRA-BLS-85

Devi

Roopesh Kumar lost his father, so he rushed to Pune, completed the death dukhduty formalities to meet the fourteenth day. He packed up bartan full of mutton biryani and mutton curry and drove over to Rajbhaug Loni. Whilst Raj, Shashi and we all nibbled at the food, Roopesh uncoiled himself in front of Zeenat, pushed aside the mirror in her hand and said, "I have just arrived from Bombay, I saw 'Aashiq Hoon Baharon Ka,' the film is a hit, you are great."

Zeenat beamed, she found Roopesh more flattering than her mirror. So she put aside the mirror and asked me, "Who is number one today?"

ZEENAT, WATCH OUT!

"You, Zeenat," said Roopesh out of turn.

"Amitabh," said I.

"No, Vinod Khanna," said Roopesh.

"I mean amongst the females," said Zeenat impatiently.

"You, you and you," said Roopesh.

Zeenat turned to me, so I took out my crystal ball and said, "You may be No. 2, since Hema still leads the race. But, watch out. Rekha and Neetu are coming up fast and could upset the forecast."

"That means Zeenat will be number four?" gasped Roopesh.

"Wait a minute. Raakhee is coming up fast from the outside to beat Hema at the winning post. So, Zeenat had better watch out, otherwise she may move down to No. 5.

"Not to worry," I told Zeenat, "for Parveen Babi is not even in the field."

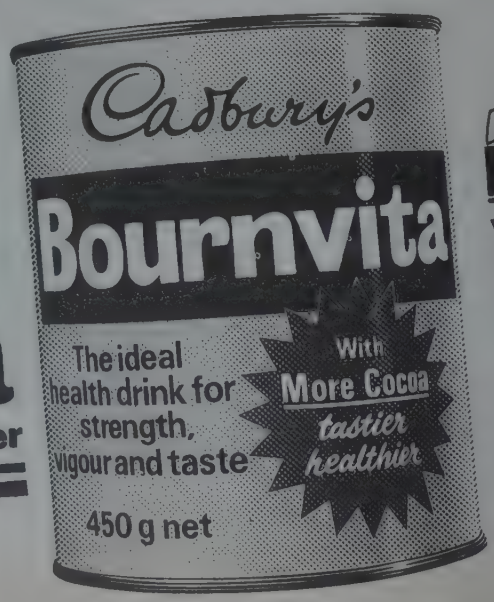
Since I do not take or give advice I could only unfold the racing chart to my favourite filly Zeenat. All the more since she is so completely out of filmland. She has got the sudden pseudo attitude a la Sharmila. E.g. "I do not mix with film folk after work, I do not know anyone there, I move with a young set of fun people."

That is the surest way to get out. How can you treat the place from where you get your bread with butter and jam too like it was a public toilet?

Give your child extra energy to stay ahead with cocoa-delicious Bournvita

Bournvita now contains more cocoa to make it tastier, healthier.
In addition, Bournvita is packed with all the nourishing goodness of malt, milk and sugar.

Two teaspoonfuls in a hot cup of milk, make a delicious, energy-giving drink.
Give your children Bournvita every day, twice a day. It helps provide them with the extra energy they need for their growing bodies.
And you need it too ... to keep up with them



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HOW DOES IT FEEL TO RETIRE?

Tamashree Sen

Retirement is both the best of mes, and the worst. It depends n how it affects a person mat-ially and emotionally. Some elcome retirement as a bless-g; for others it is synonymous ith apprehension and an unend-g period of idleness, But act-ally very few of those I met to nd their views on retirement ould accept it with a smile. With sing prices and a break-down traditional values and norms, is becoming increasingly diffi-ult for people to carry on in e style of living and standards ey had got used to.

Some men think of new jobs fter retirement. However, it does ot always work out When jobs re not available people resort business. But, in most cases has been found that the results re disastrous. A Cost Account-nt who started his own practice ad to give up after seven years. he reason: he was not mentally quipped for it. For the career an, retirement is the end of he phase of life and the begin-ng of another. Life that had een full of activity, often tiring nd unendurable, comes to a rinding halt. At 58 or 60 or even , he enters a new era.

I met a few people who have narted out plans for their fu-re. When the inevitable comes, ey are ready to embrace life as is offered to them. Their liab-ities are over or arrangements ave been made to cover their ildren's education and mar-age and financial stability en-red a comfortable living for eir families.

It was discovered that, unfor-nately, very few really did ink about the matter in their outh. Most young men and wo-en I spoke to felt that retire-ent was a far away problem nd should best be tackled when e time approaches. Yet, it is own that the years roll by and person gets immersed in his b when suddenly the word "re-rement" flashes before him, dely awakening him. "What all I do after retirement? here's just one more year to ," such people then think with smay.

Some wish to work after re-rement, even if they have no onetary problems to keep fit. he sudden halt to an active life as deep mental and physical percussions. Mr. K. of Santa ruz, who was a Security Officer, ys: "It's very important for a an to keep himself occupied, r absence of work will only ake him bitter and cynical." It a matter of prestige too. "The orld does not respect a person ho doesn't work," said a gover-nent officer. "After retirement, eople even stop caring to see u," he added.

The government servants I met referred to remain anonymous. ey say that they are the worst fferers. This is not only be-use of the poor pay scale, but so other policies of the public ctor undertakings in which ey work. "It is a matter of re-et that in the public sector, on e death of a worker who has taken a loan for house building, marriage, etc. there are no provisions for concessions on humanitarian grounds," said one. Private firms, on the other hand, adopt a sympathetic attitude and help to lessen the burden. There was an instance when the family was not only given the entire provident fund in spite of a loan taken a year earlier, but the car that took them to their place was also sold to them at a nominal price.

Another point to the private firms' credit is their contribution to the provident fund of the worker which is double that of his own. The government servant receives no such consideration and as a senior government officer said, "Half their provident fund is withdrawn during their tenure in office, leaving them in a pitiable state after retirement." The private firm worker on the other hand takes a huge chunk of money home after his service to the company is terminated.

While pension policies are a boon to workers, their execution leaves much to be desired. The government servant receives a meagre three-eighth of his salary in Maharashtra which is hardly sufficient to maintain the former standard of living. Moreover, according to a retired person living in Mahim, "Payment of gratuity and provident fund is often delayed and it is harassing for the person to go to his office every second week to demand his due." A word should be said here of the Goa pension scheme when the Portuguese were here. A person after retirement was entitled to his full salary every month subsequent to his retirement till his death.

Retirement after years of service is a crisis in every man's life and brings with it serious problems, both mental and financial

Such financial benefits would solve most retirement problems, but this does not happen today. A pensioner has to look for a job, but it is not easily available, especially for those working in specialised fields. But as a publicity man working in a government agency said, "For those in the line of commerce, publicity, consultancy, journalism, finding a job is not a difficult proposition." An insurance man on the other hand "can always take up a job as an agent," said a person working in G.I.C. However, no job is as lucrative as the one prior to retirement. A person has no option but to recognise its inevitability and accept it gracefully.

Another serious problem that an ordinary man faces is that of accommodation. While company housing is an undeniable attraction of many private and public organisations, a person is in a dilemma when he has to vacate the house after retirement. The seriousness of the issue assumes gigantic proportions especially in cities like Bombay where housing is an acute problem.

It has always been a characteristic of Indian parents to live

Continued on page 41

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THE OLD IN CHINA

A uniquely Chinese form of social organization, the Commune is a merger of agricultural cooperatives wherein all work.

The people of a commune live off its produce. A minimum is given to **every** member in the form of the five guarantees: enough food, clothes, fuel, an honourable funeral and education for all children, with emergency help for families given from the Commune's Welfare Fund. Income from work is additional, paid according to individual work-points, evaluated by all members.

This system ensures the participation of the aged in society and also their basic security. They are given light work, but not necessarily less work-points. Evaluation is according to actual work, experience, thriftiness with collective property and political awareness. "Under this system, an old man like Ma Haihsiu could be allocated a considerably greater number of work-points for his work . . . for now his general experience was added: the advice he gave during discussions, his political work, the fact that he was taking charge of youngsters from Peking and taught them to work and in a good and understanding way gave them the right attitude to life and work." (China: The Revolution Continued: Jan Myrdal/Gun Kessle). The "right attitude," because the experience which the elders had, of living in the desperate pre-revolution days and fighting in the Revolution, could never allow them to grow lax, as the youth did, and let old 'capitalistic' values return.

Old people generally stay with their families. These without older relatives often 'adopt grandparents', who live with them. This works mutually: the old are not left alone and lonely and the young women can go to work knowing their little children are in able hands. Grandchildren teach their grandparents to read and write. In Communes older women go around distributing contraceptives. and run communal grain-cleaning and pressing units. The old also help to run communal dining halls.

In America, life has again become meaningful for those above-60-year-olds who have become Foster Grandparents. Under the Foster Grandparent Program, old volunteers from all classes of society, spend 20 hours a week with two retarded or emotionally disturbed children each, helping them with their close relationship, which these children, away from their homes, lack. They are paid $ 1.60 an hour, but their work is considered voluntary and is characterised, according to the Administrator of the Program, by "selflessness and an intense personal concern."

J. P.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS ON GROWING OLD

Anna Joseph

I was waiting in a bus queue the other day, patiently awaiting my turn to board an overcrowded bus. Suddenly the amiable-looking conductor waved in my general direction and suggested that "the elderly lady" might be allowed to jump the queue. It wasn't much of a queue, anyway, with all that shoving and jostling and scrambling going on. I turned and looked around for the lucky elderly lady who had been so favoured when I suddenly became aware that a lot of eyes were focussed on me! So I was the elderly lady in question!! I managed to muster up enough dignity and grace to accept the concession to my age.

My age? Well, I suppose I am on the wrong side of fifty, and creeping relentlessly and inexorably towards sixty. I used to delude myself into thinking that I was one of those who have managed not to look their age. Well, that solicitous bus conductor pricked that bubble all right!

There are times when I like to look old, even decrepit. When I board a crowded bus, returning home from marketing, I decide to look my age, even more than my age. I put on my most effect-

"Ma'am, were you a little girl when Kufu built his pyramid?"

ive helpless look, I convey the impression of being bone-weary and heavy-laden. Through the corner of my eye I even glare accusingly at sturdy young men who are comfortably seated — that is, if I can catch their guilty eyes, which I seldom can, because they are all looking out, engrossed in their study of nothingness. Feeling the strength of my eyes boring into his back, if a hapless youth happens to send a furtive glance in my general direction, I fix him with a baleful glare and manage to make him feel so boorish and badly brought-up that he reluctantly offers me his seat. With a smile and a half-hearted demur I ease myself into his seat before several other aspirants with fewer qualms grab it.

I can remember a time when, in the puritanic community to which I belong, thirty was regarded as a ripe old landmark when women discarded their gold ornaments and the gold-bordered white half-sarees which were part of their apparel. Even with the narrow gold border, God knows it is a Spartan outfit, puritanic in its simplicity and design. But at or around thirty—just think, THIRTY — women would relinquish all claims to youthfulness and attractiveness and decide to look their age! Now, thank goodness, most women no longer want to do that, but even today eyebrows are raised at women in their forties who dye their hair or wear a lungi and top at home or short saree-blouses. Society's general expectation is that people should look and act their age.

I was a sweet seventeen when my grandmother took ill and died. Although I was very fond of her, I remember that as I stood at her bedside and watched her

life ebbing away, I felt that she had died at the ripe old age of sixty. I couldn't understand her younger sisters' grief because, so far as I was concerned, they were all pretty ancient themselves, with their grey hair and other signs of old age.

But the other day, when someone said his father had died at sixty-four, I caught myself exclaiming, "Only sixty-four?" The mind is deceptive, I told myself. Just because you are nearing sixty, even if reluctantly, you don't have to say sixty-four is young!

Just to feel I'm still young (in spirit, that is) I do a little teaching. Last week, a nine-year-old jolted me into reality with a disarmingly frank question. I was telling the class about how very, very old the Egyptian pyramids were, how Kufu had built his pyramid about 4,000 years ago. I saw in their wide eyes a sense of wonderment and felt I had left an impression of real antiquity.

The irrepressible Tahar put up his hand. Expecting a bright, intelligent query, I beamed at him.

"Ma'am, were you a little girl when Kufu built his pyramid?"

I gulped—and reeled, and sat down. There wasn't even a titter going round the class. Do they all think I'm four thousand years old? Finally Satish roused himself and gave Tahar a dig in his side and said, "Ma'am isn't four thousand years old, silly," he said. I could have hugged Satish, but I realised that to a nine-year-old there is not much difference between fifty-six and four thousand.

On the way home I told myself I'd dye my hair, sport a bindi on my forehead to match my sarees, buy a switch, wear some make-up, pluck my eyebrows and wear sleeveless blouses.

Over lunch I told my husband about Tahar's ludicrous query. He didn't even smile! Does he also think I'm as old as the pyramids? All my resolutions were thrown out the window. So what if I am getting old? What was it, what's-his-name has said?

"Grow old along with me.

The best is yet to be."

That's it. The best age is your age, whatever it is. After all, children have their trials, they long to grow up, teenagers often go through hell. There are problems and pleasures attendant on every age.

What the elderly have to do is to let go and say, we have had our day. Accept with gratitude the attention, concern and affection you get, turn a blind eye to the indifference and casualness of the young. Don't be peeved at being left out of decision making. After all, you have made a lot of decisions in your life-time. Above all, leave the young alone, to dress and groom themselves as they like and play their kind of music even if it drives you up the wall. If you are a kill-joy and a spoil-sport and a general nuisance, they'll leave you severely alone as an impossible, grumpy old Scrooge. If you are undemanding, tolerant, gracious and cheerful, you will be wanted and loved till the final day of release.

THE YOUNG REVIEW OLD AGE

Sunil Shanbag

"To be seventy years young is sometimes more cheerful than to be forty years old!" — old age greeted with optimism, a desire to live on, fruitfully.

Old age is not a specialised problem but a general one. Everybody has to grow old in age unless an earlier mishap halts the movement. The years roll by, time never halts. The rush of life continues, and to those involved in life and living time goes by without any noticeable trace. Months blend into years and it is hard to believe that the memory that remains so vivid in the mind is that of a happening years ago.

Childhood is spent in envy of older people. There is always the desire to be older, to be allowed the "freedom" older people have.

Youth brings in the sentiment of immortality. The future lies head and people who have reached a certain age, above fifty, seem to be spent forces. The attributes of youth — vitality, energy, enthusiasm, — the spirit are desirable, though very often not consciously.

Among the young an awareness begins to creep in. An awareness that begins when maybe one notices that one's parents, whose vital presence one always took for granted, are growing old. The hair has begun to thin and grey. The face is a mass of attractive wrinkles, the hands, too. There are old people everywhere. Many weak and helpless, many still strong and alive.

To different people this awareness comes differently. To some this awareness sets in along with a growing sense of responsibility. To some with a growing sense of despair. Then, there are others who respond with a seeming maturity that only hides the confusion inside.

"I can remember when old age first registered in my mind. Our neighbour's mother who seemed the same to me as everybody else, except for her white hair, had a paralytic stroke one night. She became a physical wreck overnight. When she got back from the hospital, she was unable to walk straight; her control over the coordination of her limbs was gone. I was then five or six, I suppose. I suddenly found her to be different from all the other grown-ups around me. I saw her being fed and helped when she had to move away from her chair or bed. I began to wonder what was wrong and my mother explained her strange transformation from an active woman to a helpless being by telling me, 'she has become old'!"

Madhu Dalvi then questioned whether everyone had to get old like the neighbour's mother and received an answer in the affirmative. She began to dread old age and the helplessness that seemed to go with it.

"Later, many other things about old age and old people began to bother me. I was used to freedom and always had the ambition to live alone when I was out of college. I knew that my parents were getting old and by this time I was well aware of the fact that we lived off our father's income. The day he retired this income would be cut off and he would depend on me and my brother. There can be no real saving in this country and pensions are pitiable. I knew that I would have to help support them. Suddenly my dreams of living a free life, moving around and earning just enough to live my own life, began to vanish. This troubled me to no end. Even now, as I speak, this inner confusion persists."

Opinions differ about caring for the aged at home or putting them into homes, but the young unanimously explode one myth—that wisdom resides among the aged alone

How is the young, hot blooded person going to reconcile, on one hand, this loss of personal freedom and, on the other, the sentiment to look after one's own old? Then the question arises: does looking after one's old necessarily mean a loss of personal freedom? Is there another way, another settlement by which each of the two parties retain their independence and yet the one depends economically and emotionally on the other?

"In the West they have old people's homes, and I think that is a very good idea. Here the old people from different families live together and are provided with all the amenities for a comfortable and enjoyable life. They are allowed to play games like carrom and cards and watch TV and talk to each other. Their children pay for their stay."

Vishnu Sharma has the answer. He believes totally in the concept of the old being put aside in homes, leaving the way clear for the young. He caters to the theory that says that when a person's life is finished there is no reason for him or her to obstruct another's by slowing things down for him.

"Let's be frank. Most Hindus staying in joint families breathe sighs of relief when the doddering, old, senile grandfather finally dies. The household has been a mess for the last five years because of his obstinacy and his constantly falling ill and having to be looked after. He had served his purpose years ago and there was very little reason for him to live."

Very harsh, but traces of logic do show through. However, the idea of old people's homes is not as rosy as Vishnu tries to make it out to be. Imagine a life of nothing but games of cards and carrom. No youth to cheer you up, only people condemned to the same fate as you — failing eyes and the trembling grip.

"These homes maybe feasible in more developed countries, but the idea of institutionalising the old seems, somehow, tragic, heartless. There is much to be said for the traditionally strong ties to be found in India. Hindu doctrine lays down as one's duty, as dharma, maintaining and providing for the old. As an ideal it solves many problems, but like all ideals . . ."

"TB" has thought about the old, but cynicism creeps in nevertheless. The old seem doomed. What about those who are young but cater to the Hindu doctrine "TB" talked about?

"Of course it is my duty to look after my parents when they are old. If my relatives need my help I will give it to them. No on must be selfish. There has to be respect fo age. Maybe they cannot earn, but wha about their wisdom and their advice that w keep asking for? After all, they are sti alive. They brought us up. We cannot ab andon them."

This from Shankar Gone whose father ha worked hard to educate him in a college an enable him to get a job in a bank — Shanka has achieved much more than many of hi friends in their slum.

He mentions wisdom. Something whic the others, all from upper middle-class fami lies also feel strongly about.

Madhu Dalvi: "Wisdom, yes. But what kind of wisdom? Wisdom enough to recognise th changes in society and in peoples' thinking. their own children's, for example? That's the kind of wisdom I would expect old people to have. Unfortunately most old people have a warped wisdom. They judge present day situations with rules and ideas that are half a century old. There is no perspective. How can you call this wisdom? No, wisdom does not necessarily come with old age."

Vishnu Sharma: "The concept that old people are wise is nonsensical. They may be more knowledgeable. But this does not mean that the knowledge is being rightly applied. In any case I think it is wrong to generalise."

"T.B.": "The wisdom of age is a myth. Experience, yes, but the development of experience towards understanding and knowledge and its extent depends upon the individual. To consider the old as wise exclusively because of their age is irrational. All old people are not sagacious and wise, possibly more are senile, and I, for one, don't wish to confuse senility with sagacity."

What is the answer to the problems of the old? Perhaps, a means by which even the old could serve a purpose should be sought. As "TB" pointed out, it is hard to believe that there is absolutely nothing that an old person can do constructively. It is not too common to find people who have saved enough to keep them comfortable throughout their retirement from work. In rural India and also in the urban centres, old age sets in as soon as one is no longer productive. To stall this moment, to keep it at a distance, it is essential to find areas where mere physical capability does not determine productivity. And, it is in these areas that the old should be put to use. Apart from the fact that the idea of an "old people's" home, as it commonly exists, is abhorrent, it is also not feasible to accommodate all the old of India in such places. We are trying to look for an answer for all old people and not for a select few. Isolating them in "homes" or condemning them to their beds will only increase their frustration and the starkness of their lives.

A DATE WITH SOPHIA

Students of Sophia College, Bombay, have organized a Fun Fair — comprising games, food, American auction, fortune telling, jam session — from 3 p.m. onwards on Friday, December the 16th, at the Sophia campus. A Western Music Carnival will be held in the Sophia Bhabha Auditorium at the end of the evening.

The proceeds from the Fair-cum-Carnival will be contributed to the Andhra Pradesh Cyclonic Fund and the College Students' Aid Fund.

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A survey of existing homes for the aged in Bombay, reveals a pressing need for more thought to be put into viable living alternatives for elderly people of different income levels. On the facing page, a senior citizen suggests an interesting possibility

Vera Sharma

A HOME AWAY FROM HOME FOR THE AGED

It is as much of a myth that in the West people dump their old folks in homes for the aged, as that we in India always love looking after our old people in our own home.

And in our country there are many old people who live on the fringe of the families of close or distant relatives. They pay their way through pensions, incomes earned from landed property or insurance. They are tolerated only because they might leave something for their relatives when they die. They make no demands out of fear of what would become of them should they be thrown out of the homes of these relatives. They are often cheated and ill-treated. Where can these people go? They don't want charity. They want to live with dignity, paying for what they get, and able to demand their rights and air their grievances. It is time institutions, hotels and colonies are created for such people at various financial levels.

Strange though this may seem, there are more institutions carring for the destitute aged than for those who can pay. As a matter of fact, the four homes I visited catered only to the former category.

The first one of these was the King George V Memorial Infirmary and Lady Dhanbai Jehangir Home for the Destitute at Mahalaxmi. Situated on seven acres of grounds, it caters to the needs of the destitute and disabled. No direct applications from individuals are entertained. Most of the inmates have been picked up by the police for allegedly begging. They are sent here to undergo sentences of a year or two. However, some deserving cases remain for life. At present they have three hundred men and one hundred women. These institutions are governed by a committee which has entrusted the management to the Salvation Army.

The day I visited them, I was shown round by the sympathetic and energetic Superintendent, Major Jean Brown. We went from ward to ward and saw many of the inmates, 80 per cent of whom are old. They are fed and clothed adequately. I saw their evening meal of khichadi and dal curry full of mixed vegetables being prepared

Most of the inmates seemed happy to be there. Even the blind and the handicapped made themselves useful working at chores. They are kept busy sorting safety-pins and assembling them with tabs in small bunches for sale. The manufacturers pay the institution labour charges and they in turn give these people nominal pocket money which many of them save. They are financed by the Government, the Municipal Corporation Dr. Bhajekar's Hospital and donations from private sources.

There is another home which does not want its name published as it has no vacancies. When it was given a little publicity sometime ago, it was flooded with enquiries.

It has been in existence since 1958, and is run by a world-wide organisation which runs 305 similar homes that provide peace and security to 47,000 old people in many countries. The Sisters who are responsible for these homes depend entirely on charity.

The Bombay home houses 360 inmates — 220 women and 140 men. The old people help the fifteen Sisters to maintain the home in the spruce condition in

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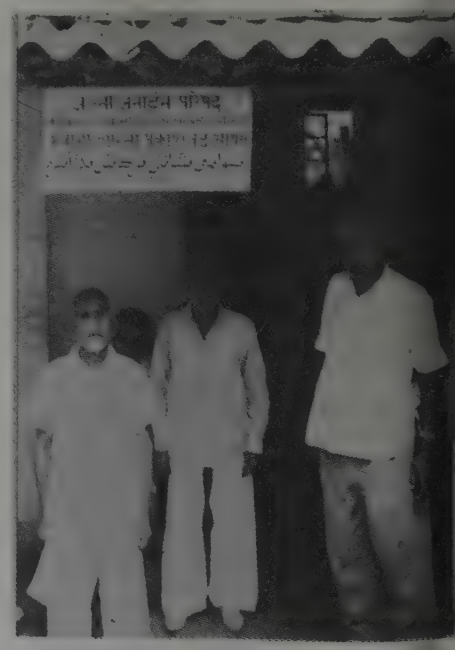
ABOVE: A rear view of the Swami Shanti Prakash Budha Ashram in Ulhasnagar, Bombay.



Residents of the Shanti Prakash Budha Ashram, which is for Sindhi Hindus only.

LEFT: Meal-time at the King George V Memorial Infirmary and Lady Dhanbai Jehangir Home for the Destitute at Mahalaxmi, Bombay.

which I found it. Every attempt is made to give the place a cheerful, homely atmosphere. However, the mist of wistfulness which one sees in the eyes of many of the aged, cannot be banished. Even so, the Sisters do their best to cheer them up.

There are no restrictions of caste or religion. The only requisites are poverty and old age for those being taken care of. The youngest inmates are 60 while the oldest is reported to have been 103.

Every care is taken, and there are even seven rooms provided for couples. All the other old people have large, airy dormitories with bathrooms within easy reach. The dining-rooms have separate tables where groups of old people can dine together. They also have a lovely chapel for those religiously inclined. There are long lines of sofas in the wide corridors where the old people can relax and where visitors can be entertained. There is also a well-equipped infirmary for those who fall ill.

Looking at the beautiful home nestling among green trees and red earth hillocks in a remote part of a Bombay suburb, I really feel it must be like a piece of heaven come to earth for those living there.

The old age home for the Parsis is called the F. S. Parukh Dharamshalla on Hughes Road. They have about 70 inmates, both men and women. People are sent to them by the Parsi Panchayat. They are provided with food, dormitory acommodation and medical care. There is no binding on the inmates and they may leave whenever they wish.

I also visited the Swami Prakash Budha Ashram in Ulhasnagar. This old-age home is run by the Janta Janardhan Parishad. It is for Sindhi Hindus only. It was transferred from Sind in 1947 at the time of partition. They at present have 28 inmates of both sexes. The home has two dormitories with ceiling fans, one for men and the other for women. They take in people over the age of forty, but in the case of cripples the age limit is waived. They provide the old people with morning and evening tea, breakfast of dal-roti, lunch, dinner and a small cup of milk at bed-time. The inmates seemed happy and well-fed. Their manager, Mr. Shankarlal Jairamdas Bhatia showed me round the place. They hope to be able to build a new home when funds permit.

The Shraddhanand Mahilashram runs a home for aged women in Bassein. They have 47 women in the home. Only two of these women are in a position to pay towards their keep.

In each home that I visited, the old people seemed happy and contented. Even though the food was simple, they did not have to contend with nasty daughters-in-law or relations who grudged every morsel they ate, and so they have peace of mind which is the best tonic for anyone.

Homes for the old will be an ever increasing problem. With the break-up of the joint family system, where the old were rarely loved and only tolerated in most cases, the problem has become more pressing. Other factors like mixed marriage, lack of accommodation in large cities, the generation gap and the increase in longevity, have all contributed to this state of affairs.

In this connection it is gratifying to note that a number of schemes for old age homes are afoot. One such is at Talegaon, a small town, a three-hour journey by train from Bombay city. It is a place with a delightful climate, hospital facilities and employment possibilities. Dr. A. G. Sardesai, the well-known eye-specialist is one of the sponsors. He explained to me what he has in mind. He would like to establish an old age home for people who are between the ages of 55 and 65. They should be healthy, but desirous of a quiet retired life. He is planning to build cottages and provide a canteen. They would have to pay about Rs. 250 per month. This institution would be run on a no profit, no loss basis. He also outlined another scheme by which people who are financially well-off, could build their own little houses on the institution's extensive properly. The land would be given free, provided the person is prepared to donate the house to the institution on his or her or both, in the case of couples, deaths.

There is another old age home recently established at Neral by a group of doctors who first started a dispensary there. They charge about Rs. 300 per month which includes a free check-up once a week.

Our country is waking up to the needs of the old, and one can only hope that many more such institutions are founded. They will bring happiness to the population of widowed mothers, maiden aunts, bachelor uncles and a whole host of others who hover on the out-skirts of families, neither loved nor cared for.

AN ALTERNATIVE LIVING EXPERIENCE
— A PROPOSAL

Should old people become a burden on their sons and daughters, their daughters-in-law and sons-in-law, or their grand-children? Is there some way by which old people can avoid being burdens on anyone, and perhaps even be cherished and considered a blessing rather than a curse?

In a rural community where the old joint-family system still prevails, it is not uncommon for three or four or even five generations to continue living under the same wide roof. There, very often, the oldest and the youngest generations support each other, almost as conspirators, in thwarting the disciplinary proclivities of the working and earning middle generation, and in getting for themselves whatever enjoyment their joint inventiveness can scrape together. In such circumstances, old people can live tolearbly happily if only they will learn not to be too critical of others or too demanding for themselves. If they will try to be as helpful as they can around the home, and for the rest mind their own business without interfering too much with what other people are doing, they can manage all right, and need not curse their fate.

However, in urbanised families, cramped for space, struggling to make both ends meet, and trying to have the maximum of modern conveniences, the presence of old people is not infrequently an embarrassment and a problem, all the more poignant because anyone who complains will be regarded by society as an ungrateful wretch! How can old people in such circumstances make themselves scarce and at the same time keep up both the appearance and the reality of a family held together by mutual love and concern? Should this matter be left to the old people themselves to solve as best they can, or can society take a hand in the matter and do some real planning and administration?

During a year spent in Australia, I was very much impressed by what some churches and other charitable organisations there were actually doing in this matter. An organisation with a good business manager announces that a 10- or 20-apartment Community Home is being planned for the residence of 10 or 20 individuals or couples over 60 years of age. There will be a common kitchen and dining-hall as well as a common library and reading room, a recreation room, a barber shop, a small supplies-store, a small medical dispensary managed by a resident nurse and an attached doctor on call. In addition to these common amenities, each apartment will have an attached kitchenette where the occupants may prepare whatever food they want on their own instead of always having only what is supplied by the common kitchen which, run on a non-profit basis, will be geared to suit the purse of the majority of residents.

The 10 or 20 apartments are offered for life-time occupancy to such individuals and couples as will make advance payment of an amount worked out on the basis of calculations similar to those made in the case of life insurance policies—with, of course, the assurance that nobody will make a profit on the deal. Subject to certain over-all rules necessary to ensure peace in community life, each individual or couple occupying these apartments will be free to manage their life as independently of others as they choose; however, they will have the assurance that the common amenities provided in the Community Home will be adequate to take care of their basic needs for a relaxed life at their age. Their children and grand-children and friends can visit them whenever they find it convenient, and can even eat with them occasionaly by prior arrangement.

For me it was a heart warming experience to see people in those Australian Community Homes living a happy life of mutual caring and support. I wonder whether in different localities in India, charitable organisations will come forward to initiate such Community Homes, with of course appropriate modifications, and whether individuals and couples approaching "retirement age" wil muster enough courage and enlightened self-interest to join such Community Homes instead of making themselves and others unhappy by continuing to be a burden on someone who, with all the goodwill in the world, will find it difficult to satisfy all the demands of old age.

"A Senior Citizen"

FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

This is the first of 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win A Wardrobe from Delhi's exclusive boutique SOPHISTICATION. This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated December 3 and 10.

Go ahead — feast your eyes on these fab fashions every month, for who knows, you may be the lucky winner of a super range of exquisite garments! Remember — Sophistication designs its fashion range with YOU in mind. For the fashion-conscious in Calcutta, Sophistication Boutique will be having an exhibition at the Hotel Hindustan International from 19th to 22nd December, 1977

Creation: Sophistication Boutique, Delhi

Photographs : Harbans Mody

For the mod and the young. Vibrant red frilled skirt and off-the-shoulder blouse, so very Spanish-looking! The navy blue traffic-stopper is a pinny-midi with printed blouse and scarf. The cap goes with the outfit.

BELOW: For the fashion conscious housewife. The white maxi is in American georgette, set off with black velvet trimming. Silk saree in black and white, psychedelic, elegant, a real eye-catcher.

RIGHT: For the smartly-turned-out youngster. A gray tunic for party wear, red striped top and a little pouch to match; blue smocked dress for the shy miss; shirt of parrot green teamed with red trousers; blue suit with patchwork motifs for the smart young fella.

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the dear departed

They were neither loved nor looked after. The old, ignored couple wasted away in a corner of their son's house

V. Sharma

"It's just like the old woman to fall sick," said Laxmi with a grimace. "At this time of year too. The day after tomorrow the Navratra festival begins, and then there's Dassera and Divali." She glared in the direction of the front room, tucking a strand of hair into her bun and hitching her sari up.

Her husband looked at her helplessly. "Maybe mother will be better by then," he hazarded weakly.

Laxmi turned, but not being able to vent her full annoyance on him for his stupid remark, she called her daughter to her and started combing and braiding her hair with a vigour that made the child wince.

"Anyway," she said, "the front room will have to be cleared tomorrow. She will have to lie in the balcony the whole of the ten days, as we only have these two rooms and the kitchen."

"Couldn't she lie in the inner room?" he asked hesitantly. "It will be cold out on the balcony." But as his wife seemed disinclined to pursue the matter, he made no further protest.

Next day, first thing in the morning, Laxmi's mother-in-law was transferred to the balcony. Her old husband sat beside her helping her to drink a half-cup of lukewarm coffee.

"It is good that I am dying before you," she cried. "You will be with me to the end.'

"Don't talk of dying, Thangam. You will be well in a day or two. It is only the change of weather." So they comforted each other, yet both of them knew that they had reached the point where she would inevitably go ahead and he would be unable to follow.

"Look," she said weakly. "Don't stop me from talking while I still have the strength," she paused. "I want to be dressed in my best sari. The one with the wide gold border that my daughter Saraswathi sent to me last Divali. I want flowers in my hair and a large red kum-kum on my forehead, for am I not going as a Sowbhagyavati? I must go in grand state as a woman who still has a husband."

She lay back on the thin mattress breathing heavily. Her face had turned to yellowed ivory. She closed her fever-bright eyes and rested quietly, listening to the swish of broom and water as the front room was being scrubbed out.

She knew from past experience that the sofa-cum-bed must be out on the staircase landing and that Laxmi would soon be busy in the front room arranging the dolls and gods on the edifice of steps constructed and covered with a white sheet for the purpose.

The sky showed the first streaks of dawn. The crows in the mango tree and the sparrows started calling to the coming day. The old woman shuddered as the first early morning breeze touched her hot face with icy fingers. She drew the thin counterpane close about her chin.

Her husband sat beside her on the floor with his back against the wall.

"Oh God!" he was praying silently, "let me see her depart from this world, for I could not bear to leave her to them. She has been a good wife and a devoted mother. Why should she suffer alone? When she is gone, I shall not have to struggle to keep alive. I can die in peace."

Laxmi and her children laughed and chattered as they arranged all their favourite toys and decorations. At the foot of the steps they had built a little temple with a light in it. There was a garden round the temple where all manner of strangely coloured celluloid and plastic animals roamed on green confetti grass under paper trees. On the white steps were rows of toys and ornaments interspersed with the images of gods and goddesses.

From the kitchen came the fragrant smell of pungent spices and boiling molasses.

In all the flurry the old couple on the balcony were completely forgotten. The sun beat down on them and the old lady's fever rose. She now kept up an incessant murmuring. She sang snatches of devotional songs remembered from her girlhood, in a cracked voice. How often she had sung them during Navratra in bygone years! The old man was too exhausted to listen.

In the evening when their son came home he came out on to the balcony and asked how his mother was.

"Get a doctor," muttered the old gentleman under his breath, appealing to his son. "She has very high fever."

Krishnaswami went in and told his wife what his father had said.

"Mother is just pretending. There is nothing wrong with her," she snapped. She wondered what the doctor would say. He

Continued on page 31

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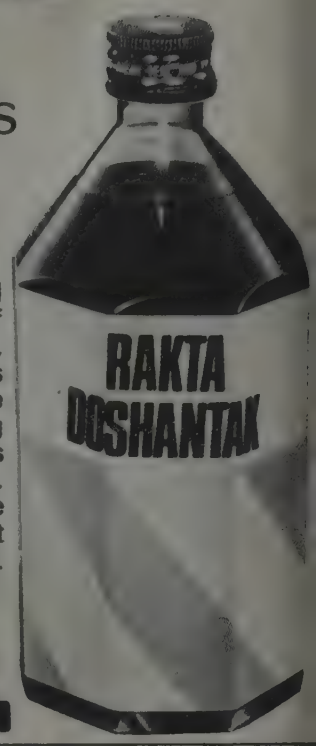

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THE DEAR DEPARTED

Continued from page 27

would not approve of the patient lying out there. If she was brought inside again, there would be no room for her to entertain her guests every evening. No, that would never do! In the one room the men would sit while the women sang in the other.

"Did father eat his food?" he asked apologetically.

"How should I know? I have been busy all day! Ask him if you want to know!"

The first day of Navratra dawned. Laxmi was up and busy in the kitchen. From the dark balcony she could hear the light snores of the old man Casually occurred to her that the old lady had not had anything since the coffee the previous morning, and neither had the old man come in to meals. "Oh, well," she thought, "I can't be everywhere looking after everyone all the time."

After they had all had their coffee, she took out two half-filled glasses of cold coffee to the balcony. Shaking her father-in-law, who dozed with his back against the wall, she placed the glasses down on the floor and went away.

The old man stretched his weary, cramped limbs and crouched beside the old lady. He tried to raise her head gently, for her eyes were open, but she was stiff.

He drew back shocked as the realization broke upon him. So she had slipped away in the night! A tear rolled down his cheek. He sat stunned in the presence of death.

His son came out before going to office and found him thus.

Suddenly the household was all aflutter. People were sent hither and thither to call friends and relations. A willing doctor had to be found to sign the death certificate and all manner of things had to be arranged.

The old gentleman sat beside his dead wife like a carved image of brown wood.

At last all was ready. The old lady lay bathed and dressed in an old sari on the bamboo bier. Her loose grey hair framed her astonishingly young face. Someone had adorned her head with a cheap wreath of flowers.

"Dress her in her last Divali sari," said Laxmi's father-in-law. "It was her wish."

"What nonesense! Do you want to burn up a beautiful two-hundred rupee sari like that?" Laxmi answered angrily.

As Laxmi had the key to the cupboard, nothing more could be done about it.

Soon the corpse was covered up and carried away, leaving her old grieving husband watching her go from the gate until they were out of sight.

A year rolled by. The old gentleman was still there, though much weaker. No one cared for him. A little cold rice and buttermilk was all he got. The morning and afternoon half cups of lukewarm coffee were an added charity.

The household was once again in a turmoil. This day was the first anniversary of the death of Laxmi's mother-in-law. Many priests had to be feasted and much money had been spent on procuring black-market rice and sugar. All the near relatives had been invited to dine and cooks were busy in the kitchen, while priests chanted in the front room amid the acrid smell of smoke, incense and flowers.

The old father-in-law sat on the balcony listening. Relations began to arrive.

"What a grand affair you are making of this!" said someone.

"What wouldn't one do for one's mother?" said Krishnaswami, and Laxmi smiled piously. "One has but one mother and father. Nothing is too much for them."

"How true, how true!" said the other. "You are indeed a good son."

The old man on the balcony laughed long and silently, the tears rolling down his old lined face.

A RAW DEAL FOR PENSIONERS

N. Perti

The treatment meted out to pensioners and their families by the government calls for attention and urgent action. The All India Organization of Pensioners is attempting to demand justice. The writer is the Organizer, Women's Wing of the A. I. O. P.

Indian women must come together and fight for their rights. They should not allow either men in power or the Government to prevent this. Though a woman was the Prime Minister for 11 long years, Indian women were still treated indifferently and discriminated against in matters like grant of social security, at least to the family members, mostly widows, of ex-employees of the Government.

To cite an example, take my own case. I am a widow of a Class I Officer of the Indian Ordinance Services. My husband died in harness and the Government granted me a paltry pension of Rs. 300 per month with which to feed, educate and arrange for the marriages of my five children, besides feeding and clothing myself. And this continued only till the date of my husband's superannuation had he lived and was reduced to Rs. 150, which I am now receiving.

Every one, both employees and the ex-employees, had placed great faith in the Central Third Pay Commission set up by the Government. They took three years to make their recommendations and the Government took another two years to decide. While the working employees on account of their nuisance value were granted dearness allowance for every rise of 8 points in the price index, the pensioners were granted only a rise of 5% for every 16 points in the price index.

The family pensioners were not given even this relief by the Congress Government headed by a woman Prime Minister. On repeated petitions and discussions in the Parliament, Mr. Pranab Mukherjee, the then Minister of State for Finance shocked the world by his statement. "Because of the present constraint on financial resources it has not been found possible to take on this additional commitment, and accordingly, it has been decided to defer the question for the present." Our struggle, however continued, and on 6.4.76, the Government agreed to allow family pensioners the same rates of ad hoc increase and dearness relief, but only from 1.10.1975. The reason for non-payment of arrears was, it was stated, "the resources available." So much for Central Government pensioners and family pensioners.

The conditions in the states are more horrible. Quoting an example from U.P., the only increase offered was of Rs. 10.00 to Rs. 20.00 from 1.4.1976 to family pensioners. Hardly had this been drawn for six months when one fine morning orders were issued to recover the amount already paid, as the increase was only meant for widows whose pension was less than Rs. 30.00! Now recoveries are being made, which is causing great misery. In spite of many representations and a deputation of the A.I.O.P. waiting on Mr. Madhukar Dighe, Finance Minister of U. P., the promise to amend the orders of recovery from widows has still to be carried out.

With a view to get support, the A.I.O.P. addressed four women M. P.s — Mrs. Ahilya Rangnekar (CPM), Mrs. Parvati Krishnan (CPI), Mrs. Biba Ghosh (CPM) and Mrs. Mrinal Gore (Janata)— asking their help for widow pensioners. On 30.8.77 Miss Abha Maiti, Minister of State for Industry and Mrs. Renuka Devi Barkataki, Minister of State for Education, Social Welfare and Culture, were similarly approached. Mr. S C. Agarwal, Minister of State for Finance, is the only one who replied, stating that the letter has been passed on to the Minister for Expenditure (Finance).

Mrs. Ela Ramesh Bhatt, president, SEWA (Self-Employed Women's Association), Ahmedabad, who had returned after winning the 10,000-U.S. dollar Ramon Magsaysay Award, was requested on 16-9.77 by the A.I.O.P. to help widows of ex-government employees, some classified as family pensioners, others not granted any relief simply because their husbands retired before the family pension scheme was introduced.

The havoc caused by spiralling prices has brought family pensioners (Indian widows) out of the seclusion to which they are condemned by social custom. But these elderly women are in their 60s with none to look after them and their cry for justice is ignored.

I therefore request all those women who are victims of this crass injustice to join the women's wing of the A.I.O.P. to strengthen us in fighting for our dues. The A.I.O.P. is a growing organisation and has a branch in every state and a unit in almost every district of India. Those requiring assistance in connexion with their pension problems may kindly write to me or direct to the President (East), Mr. D. R. Chadha, A.I.O.P., 113/217, Swarup Nagar, Kanpur 2, with a self addressed and stamped envelope. Their needs will be carefully looked into and steps taken to solve their problems

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PERSONAL CHUCE

MUGHLAI DISHES

Versatile Mrs. Shailaja Abhyankar has a special talent for Mughlai dishes. Her Mughlai cookery classes have been well known in Poona for several years. Co-author of 'Sugaran' (a good cook), a cookery book in four parts, in Marathi, which has already run into three editions, she proposes to bring out one in English. She also conducts classes in puddings, cakes, chocolates and Chinese dishes.

Apart from cookery, Shailaja's other interests include hair styling, and a diploma from the Vogue School of Beauty Culture, New York. Mrs. Abhyankar intends to open a Beauty Parlour in Poona, where she has just settled down.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter.

GARAM MASALA FOR MUGHLAI DISHES

10 grams cardamoms
10 grams shahjeera
10 grams cinnamon
10 grams cloves
10 grams pepper

Grind into a fine powder and keep in an air-tight jar.

SHAHI KORMA

½ kg. mutton or chicken, jointed
4 tbsps. ghee
30 grams coriander
12 cloves garlic
½ cup malai (cream)
2 tsps. deghi mirchi
4 onions
1 tsp. garam masala
30 grams cashewnuts
1 cup curd
2 pinches of saffron
Salt to taste
Silver foil
Chopped green coriander

Grind the following—two onions, cashewnuts, garlic and coriander and apply this to the washed chicken or mutton. Apply curd and keep aside. In a heavy bottomed dekchi, add ghee and fry the remaining onions till brown. Remove onion. In the same ghee, add the deghi mirchi, marinated mutton or chicken pieces and salt to taste. Keep frying till ghee separates, then add one and a half cups or hot water and crushed onion and pressure cook for 15 minute and remove from fire. Add saffron, mixed cream and keep on a very low fire till

the ghee comes on top. Garnish with silver foil and chopped coriander.

ROGAN JOSH

½ kg. mutton
1½ tsps. deghi mirchi
½ tsp. turmeric powder
12 peppercorns
1½ tbsps. scraped coconut
4 cloves
4 green cardamoms
4 onions, sliced
1½ tbsps. ginger-garlic paste
1½ tbsps. khushkhush
2 tsps. coriander
1 cup curd
2 cardamoms
1½ tbsps. cashewnuts
2-3 tomatoes (blanched)
Salt to taste

Roast lightly and grind the following—coriander, khushkhush, cumminseeds, cashewnuts, two cardamoms, peppercorns, cloves and scraped coconut to a fine paste. Grind the three onions separately. In a heavy bottomed dekchi fry one onion sliced finely. Add the two cardamoms, deghi mirchi, turmeric, the ground onion and ginger-garlic paste and ground masala, fry till the ghee separates. Add curd and blanched, chopped tomatoes along with the mutton. Keep frying till the ghee separates. Add salt to taste. Lastly, add a glass of hot water and pressure cook for 15 minutes. Garnish with chopped coriander. Serve with hot parathas.

MURG MUSSALLAM

1 medium chicken
8 red chillis
10 almonds
1 tbsp. coriander powder
1 tsp. aniseeds
2 tbsps. (phule) channa
4 cloves
2 tbsps. dessicated coconut
1 cup curd
1 tbsp. ginger-garlic paste
1 tbsp. coriander
1 tbsp. chironji (charoli)
100 cashewnuts
1 medum onion
1 tsp. shahjeera
4 cardamoms
8-10 peppercorns
A pinch of saffron
½ tsp. turmeric powder
4-5 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste

Wash and clean the chicken and cut into eight pieces. Roast and grind the coriander, chillis, cashewnuts, almonds, chironji, aniseeds, cumminseeds, channa, peppercorns, dessicated coconut, two cardamoms and four cloves. Apply ginger-garlic paste to the chicken with the curd. Soak saffron in one tablespoon of hot water. Heat ghee in a dekchi and fry the onions till crisp. Add the masala and turmeric powder. Keep frying till the ghee separates. Add the chicken keep frying till ghee separates. Add salt to taste, 2-2½ cups of hot water, and pressure cook for 10 minutes. Finally, add the saffron mixed with water, cook for five minutes and remove. Serve hot with parathas.

SHAHI KAMARGHA

6 double chops
4 cloves
2 tsp. coriander powder
4 cardamoms
2 bay leaves
A pinch of saffron dissolved in 2 tbsps. of hot milk
A pinch of clove powder
1 tbsp. aniseeds
8 peppercorns
¼ tsp. nutmeg powder
1" piece cinnamon
1 tsp. deghi mirchi
½ litre milk
Salt to taste
Silver foil for decoration

Grind the following coarsely — aniseeds, cardamoms, cinnamon, pepper, add this masala with the milk. Add the chops to masala — milk and add salt to taste. Allow the chops to cook (without the lid on). When the milk dries and the chops are done, add the coriander powder, nutmeg, clove powder, saffron mixed with milk and one tablespoon of good ghee. Arrange the chops on a flat dish and apply the silver foil before serving.

HYDERABADI BIRYANI

500 grams Basmati or fine rice
1 kg. mutton
4 boiled eggs
¼ cup milk
2 pinches of saffron
2 tsps. garam masala
1 bunch of mint
6 Kashmiri red chillis
2 tbsps. garlic-ginger paste
50 grams cashewnuts
5-6 tbsps. ghee
1 cup curd
Juice of 2 limes
1 bunch coriander leaves
6 green chillis
5 large onions
Salt to taste
2 cloves
2 cardamoms
I stick cinnamon

Wash and clean the mutton. Apply it with ginger-garlic paste and curd. Keep aside. Slice the onion lengthwise into thin strips. Chop the mint and coriander leaves. Grind the cashewnuts and red chillis finely. Take a heavy bottomed dekchi and fry three-fourth onion till crisp and golden brown. Remove and keep aside. In the remaining ghee (approx. five tablespoons), add the one-fourth onion and fry till crisp. Add the red chilli and cashewnut paste, and fry till ghee separates. Then add the marinated mutton, salt and one teaspoon of garam masala. Fry till the mutton is dry. Add one and a half cups of warm water and pressure cook for 15 minutes or till done.

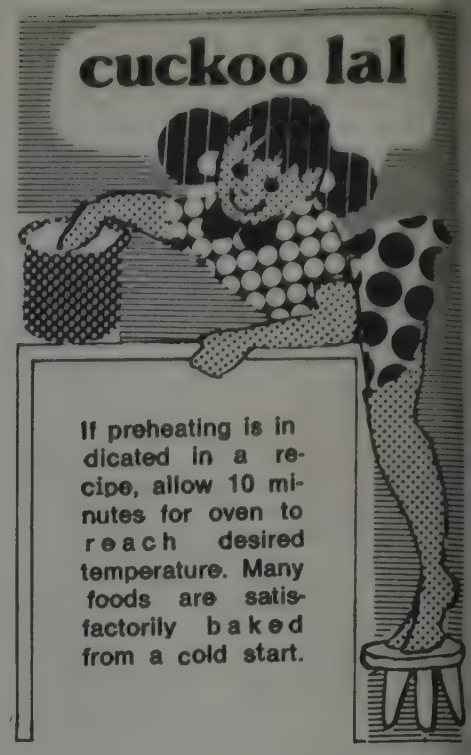
In another dekchi, heat one tablespoon of ghee, add cloves, cardamoms and cinnamon. Add the washed and soaked rice, fry a little then add enough water(one inch above the rice), salt and whole green chillis, cover and cook till the rice is three-fourth done. Remove in a thali so that each grain separates. Remove the cardamoms, cloves and cinnamon from the rice. Mix three-fourth fried onion with chopped coriander leaves and mint. Add one teaspoon of garam masala and keep aside. In three-fourth cup of milk, dissolve saffron. Take another (3rd) dekchi. Heat one tablespoon of good ghee in it. Put a layer of rice over it, then put a layer of mutton, again a thin layer of rice, then onion-mint-coriander layer. Finish all in this manner, topping with a layer of rice. Sprinkle the saffron milk and the juice of two limes. Cover it tightly, if possible with a heavy object on top or keep it in the oven at 300 deg. F. for 30 minutes. Before serving, garnish with boiled eggs, cut into halves.

SHIKAMPURI KABAB

½ kg. minced meat without fat
10 cashewnuts
2 tsps. garam masala
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tbsp. chopped coriander
12 cloves garlic
2 onions, minced
¾ cup channa dal
1 tsp. deghi mirchi
2 green chillis
1" ginger
Juice of one lemon
1 egg

Add the dal, turmeric powder and salt to minced meat. Pressure cook till done. If little water remains fry till dry.

Grind the ginger, garlic, coriander, cashewnuts, deghi mirchi and the boiled mince meat to a fine paste. To


cuckoo lal
If preheating is indicated in a recipe, allow 10 minutes for oven to reach desired temperature. Many foods are satisfactorily baked from a cold start.

the minced onion, add the chopped coriander, a little of mint, salt, deghi mirchi and juice of one lemon and keep aside. To the minced mixture, add the white of the egg. Make small balls from the mixture and stuff with the mixed onion mixture. Shape it into a kabab and deep fry till golden brown. (Also one can dip the kabab in egg and fry).

BADSHAHI PUDDING

125 grams grated carrots
60 grams raisins
50 grams maida
85 grams sugar
A pinch of salt
50 grams butter or margarine
50 grams cashewnuts
50 grams dates
¼ tsp. soda bicarb
¼ tsp. nutmeg powder

To the grated carrot, add the washed and dried raisins, chopped dates and cashewnuts. Mix the sugar and margarine. Beat it light, add nutmeg powder. Sift maida, soda bicarb and a pinch of salt. Mix carrot mixture alternately with the maida mixture into the margarine mixture. Brush the jelly mould with the margarine. Pour the mixture and cover with the butter paper. Pressure cook for 25 minutes. Remove on a plate. Cover with silver foil and serve with cream.

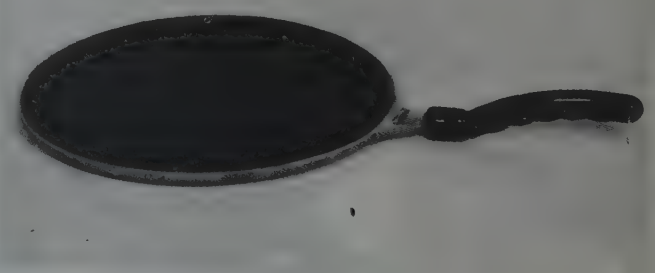
ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

SPECIAL PRIZES

FOR WEEKLY WINNERS AND COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

Prize winner of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50. 00 cash prize, a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a Tin-O-Mat.

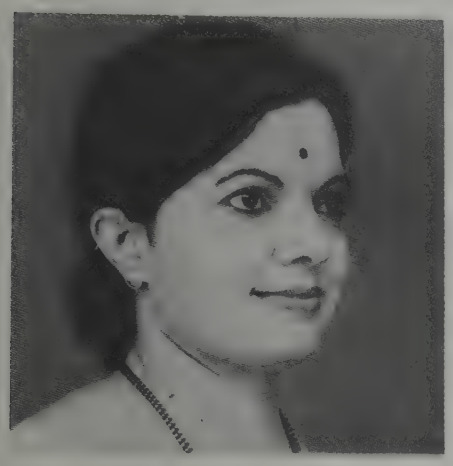
All the above mentioned items are from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, BOMBAY, famous for their Sapphire non-stick, scratch resistant kitchen ware.



So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipe accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to Rs. 100.00, a 315 mm. tava (Dec.) and a saucepot (Jan. 1978).

recipes from our readers



Mrs. Mamtha Vishwanath, Bangalore

RICE MERIYAPPA

- ½ kg. raw rice
- ½ kg. jaggery
- 100 grams beaten rice (poha)
- 50 grams tur dal
- 10 cardamoms
- ½ kg. refined oil
- ½ cup grated coconut
- Salt to taste

Wash rice and dal and soak in water for an hour. Drain water and grind it with beaten rice, cardamoms, grated coconut and salt, (use very little water if essential). When it is half ground, add jaggery and grind to a fine paste and keep it aside.

Heat refined oil in a deep frying pan. Take a tablespoon of ground paste and pour it into the heated oil. Turn it after two or three minutes. Fry both the sides till it become golden brown in colour. Fry all in the same way. Drain and remove. Serve hot at tea-time.

Mrs. Raji Murthy, Bangalore.

MASALA ARAVI

- ½ kg. aravi
- 1 large onion
- 2 ripe tomatoes
- 6 cloves garlic
- 1" piece ginger
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 4 cloves
- 2 cardamom seeds
- 1 tsp. red chilli powder
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. cumminseed
- 3 tbsps. ghee
- Some oil
- Salt to taste

Boil and skin the aravi. Cut each aravi into two or three pieces and keep aside. For the gravy, saute the sliced onion to a golden brown and grind together with garlic, ginger, cloves and cardamoms. Steam the tomatoes skin and make into pulp.

Brown the masala in two tablespoons of ghee on a low flame. When the masala leaves the sides of the vessel, add the tomato pulp and stir continuously for a little while. Add three cups of water and let it boil for about five minutes.

Take some oil in a karahi and deep fry the aravi pieces on low heat till brown. Add these fried pieces to the gravy and boil the curry till it becomes slightly thick. Add salt to taste.

Finally, heat a tablespoon of ghee and fry the cumminseed, turmeric powder and red chilli powder. Add this to the curry and mix it. Serve hot with chapattis.

Rita Madan, Bombay

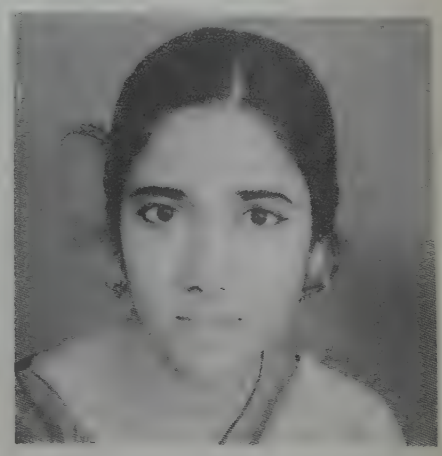
PINK CLOUD

- 8 slices of sandwich milk bread
- 3 cups of milk
- 3 tbsps. sugar
- 1 tbsp. custard powder (strawberry or vanilla flavour)
- ½ cup chopped mixed fruit
- ¼ slab of strawberry icecream
- ¼ slab of vanilla icecream
- Few pieces of cherries for decoration

Make custard with two cups of milk mixed with two tablespoons of sugar and keep aside.

Add one tablespoon of sugar in a cup of milk and stir well. Trim the edges of the bread and soak one slice at a time in a cup of milk for a few seconds. Take out the slice, squeeze the excess milk, flatten it on your palm and stuff it with a little fruit. Make the slice wih the stuffing inside into a round ball. Repeat the process with the rest of bread slices. When eight balls are ready, keep them in a flat serving dish, pour custard on top of the balls and keep aside in a cool place.

Just before serving, beat and ripple the ice creams together, pour on top of the custard, decorate with cherries and serve. NOTE: In winters and for those who are fond of "Rabri" replace custard and icecream with "Rabri" and pour kesar dissolved in milk over the dish for a lovely flavour and orange colour.



Rajni Shinghal, Bhilai

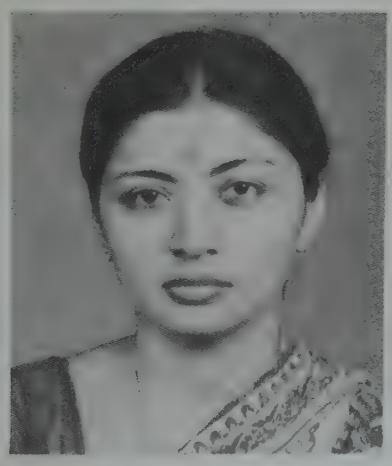
MALAI PURI

- 1 kg. milk
- ½ cup maida
- 300 grams sugar
- 200 grams ghee for frying
- 10 almonds
- 6 cardamoms
- 4 sheets of silver warq

Boil milk in a dekchi till it becomes half its quantity. Remove from fire and cool. Pour maida slowly, stirring with a spoon, beat this mixture for two minutes, and keep aside at least for two hours. Heat ghee in a flat broad dekchi. Pour a spoonful of mixture (the mixture will itself spread like a thin puri) and fry it to a light brown. Fry all the mixture pouring like this.

Make syrup of one thread consistency, add ground cardamoms and soak all the malai puris in the syrup. Decorate them with silver warq. Serve hot.

1 weekly winner



Lalitha Lakshman of Madras wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a non-slick sandwich toaster and a Tin-O-Mat from Trupti Industries, Bombay.

KRACK JACK NUT HOT CHOCOLATE SUNDAE

FOR ICE-CREAM:

- 1 level tbsp. vanilla flavoured custard powder
- 1 cup milk
- 60 grams sugar
- 30 grams butter
- ½ cup cream or condensed milk
- A few drops vanilla essence
- Nuts for garnishing

Blend the custard powder in milk and heat it over the fire stirring all the time. When the custard thickens and is about to boil, remove from fire. Add sugar, cream or condensed milk, butter and essence. Whisk well. Arrange the biscuits on the ice tray and pour the cooked mixture on top of it and freeze.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE:

- 30 grams cocoa
- 60 grams sugar
- 2 tbsps. milk
- ½ tsp. vanilla essence
- Cashewnuts, pitachionuts and walnuts

Put all ingredients into a saucepan and heat it until sugar has dissolved completely. Do not bring it to boil as it will spoil the shiny appearance.

Cut the ice cream into big cubes so that each piece has a biscuit underneath. Pour the hot chocalates sauce over it and garnish with lots of chopped nuts.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023

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YOUR DAUGHTER'S BEAUTY

Aroona Reejhsinghani

If you want your daughter to grow up into a beautiful girl, you should start looking after her right from her infancy. Heredity gives the child the colour of her skin, the basic bone structure and the texture of her hair, but the rest depends on careful nurturing, diet and exercise. To a very great extent good looks depend upon the type of food a child is given. If she is given an adequate diet, rich in all the food elements, it will build up her bones, muscles and blood and give her healthy teeth, a smooth skin, glowing hair and sparkling eyes.

Don't give her too many sweets and fatty foods because these will not only prove bad for the figure but will later lead to poor digestion and spotty complexion. Home-made sweets made with honey instead of sugar are best. Instead of soft drinks give her fresh fruit juices and vegetables. Also see that she has some exercise daily. Dancing is the best form of exercise for every girl, because it will not only give her grace and poise but will make her body slim, too. Swimming will provide her with a shapely bustline later on and swinging will make her grow tall.

If your baby is born with dark fuzzy hair on the face, arms and legs, take a tablespoon of gram flour (besan) and make it into a thick paste by adding a little milk cream and rose water. Rub on the skin for a few minutes before giving her a bath. This will not only help remove the hair but will also brighten up the skin.

The foundation of skin care is cleanliness, therefore a child should be taught this early. During the first few months various minor skin rashes come and go, but if her skin is kept clean with soap and water, the skin will take care of itself.

Children are born with lovely soft hair, but it gradually becomees coarser owing to lack of proper diet. A child's hair should be washed daily with a mild baby soap or a shampoo that does not sting the eyes, and plenty of water. It should be dried by blotting with a towel and rubbing the scalp gently.

Sometimes on oily yellowish crust appears on a child's scalp. To remove this, apply vaseline on the spot every night and wash with soap and water the next morning. Do this for a week. In cases of scaly scalp, rub a beaten egg mixed with a tablespoon of lime juice into the hair. Wash the hair after two hours. Do this every few days if you want to cure her of drandruff. If your baby's hair is too fine, then rub fresh cow's or buffalo's milk in her hair half an hour before washing her hair.

Children usually get lice and nits in their hair in spite of keepng it clean through contact with other children and cause many skin diseases. To remove them, take a little camphor and dissolve it in one tablespoon of pure cocount oil.

Make parting along her hair and dab the oil along each parting with your fingertips. When the whole scalp is covered, wrap a piece of muslin on the head and let it remain overnight Next-morning wash her hair. Do this at least every fortnight till her head is free of lice. To remove nits, wet hair thoroughly with hot vinegar and comb with a fine-toothed comb.

Do not braid her hair too tightly and never tie it up in a tight pony-tail, for later, owing to this, the hair, may start falling and breaking.

Children should be encouraged to play or run around bare foot for some time daily to exercise the muscles of the feet and make them strong. They will have no trouble with their feet if you make sure their shoes fit properly, their feet are kept clean and their toe nails are cut regularly. Cut their nails straight across, this will help prevent ingrown toe nails. It is best to let your child start walking on a soft rug which she can grasp with her toes. This raises the arches and strengthens the feet. Excessive perspiration of the feet can be controlled by dusting them lightly with an antiseptic foot powder after washing them. Make her wear absorbent cotton stockings, not nylon ones.

When your daughter is just learning to walk, her shoes should be very soft and flexible. Too tight shoes and socks can distort young feet. The first pair should be laced ones with no heels and tough flexible soles that will conform to the natural line of the feet. As she becomes more active, get her shoes with thicker soles and quarter-inch heels. Her shoes should have squarish toes and be about three-quarters of an inch longer than her feet. See that the back of he shoe is strong and fits closely but not tightly around the heel. Children's nails need regular trimming. This can be done with a pair of nail-scissors or clippers.

By giving your daughter the necessary care and attention from infancy, she will not only grow up to be a beautiful woman but she will also acquire confidence and poise.

No matter what your daughter wants to be, her appearance and self-confidence will play an important role in life. So give her the necessary care and attention from her infancy

This is pure wool. This may not be.

Which one have you been buying?

Today, many non-wool knitting yarns are being called 'wool', labelled 'wool', even sold as 'wool'.

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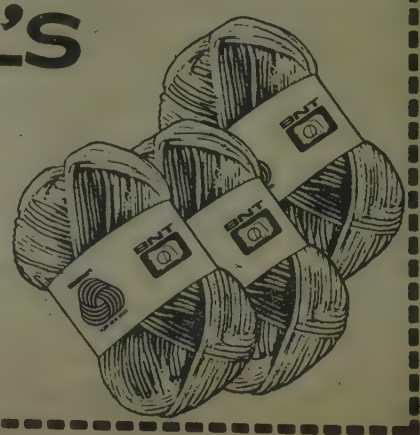

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CASIWS-68-305

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

THAT REALLY WAS A NICE PARTY!
THE FOOD WAS GOOD... THE WINE WAS GREAT -
OLD FRIENDS - STIMULATING CONVERSATION - A LOT OF LAUGHS -
I'M GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT!
PERSONALLY, I THOUGHT IT WAS A MISERABLE EVENING!
WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?
NOT ONE WOMAN NOTICED THAT I'D LOST TWO POUNDS!
?
JEALOUSY - THAT'S WHAT IT WAS -
YOU REALLY THINK SO?
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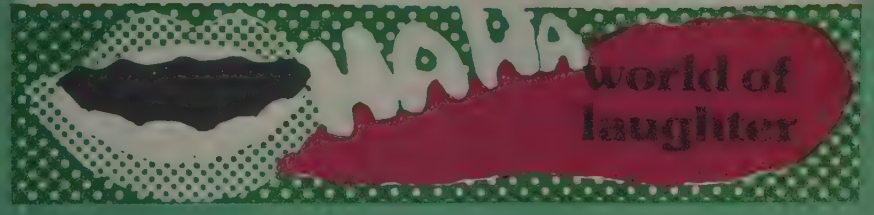


"Do you keep stationery?" the young man asked the pretty girl behind the counter of a newsagent's shop.

The girl giggled shyly.

"Yes, upto a certain point," she replied. "Then I go all to pieces."

* * *

When the headmaster asked a new school mistress how long she planned to teach, she replied, "From here to maternity."

* * *

A well-known Judge was entertaining a party of friends in a popular restaurant when a beautiful lady entered. The Judge observed to his friends, loud enough for the lady to hear, "Jove! What a pretty woman!"

The lady turned round and sweetly said, "And what a good Judge!"

* * *

They went to school together.

They grew up side by side.

But he never knew he loved her.

Till her rich uncle died.

* * *

"Hello, old man," said Smith. "What's up?"

"It's my wife," replied the other sadly. "She hired a new secretary for me."

"Nothing wrong in that. Is she blonde or brunette?"

"HE'S BALD."

* * *

"I didn't like the look of that pretty maid you engaged, John," said his wife "I discharged her this afternoon."

"What, without giving her a chance?" asked her husband in a shocked voice.

"No, without giving you a chance," was the grim reply.

* * *

Police Officer: "Pardon me, miss, but swimming is not allowed in this lake."

Flapper: "Why didn't you tell me that before I started undressing?"

Police Officer: "Because there ain't no law against undressing."

* * *

Two pretty girls met on a street and enthusiastically kissed each other. A young guy watched them moodily and said, "That's the trouble with the world today. Too many women trying to do a man's job."

* * *

The lights in the crowded train had failed and it was the rush hour. "Can I help you find a strap?" a tall straphanger inquired of the young lady who had got on at the last stop.

"Thank you," she replied, "but I already have one."

"Then would you mind letting go of my necktie?"

* * *

"Could I see the burglar who broke into our house last night?" asked a caller at the police station.

"Why do you want to see him?" asked the officer-in-charge.

"I'd like to ask him how he got in without waking my wife."

* * *

Boss: "When you called up my wife and told her I would be home very late, what did she say?"

Secretary: "She said, 'Can I depend on that?'"

* * *

'So Doris has gone back to live with her husband?" remarked Mrs. Brown to her neighbour.

"Yes," was the reply, "She couldn't bear to think of him having such a good time."

* * *

A serious thought for today.
Is one that may cause you dismay.

Just what are the forces.

That bring little horses,

If all the big horses say, "Nay?"

Compiled By :George Fegradoe

THE COMING OF AGE IN AMERICA

Laurie Morse

The elderly had little place in a youth-oriented society like America's until recently, when the older generation began to unite and fight for their rights

Anna C. turned 91 this past February. Except for poor eyesight, she is in relatively good health, and since she collects income from investments she has made with her husband's life insurance payment, as well as a small social security check each month, she thinks of herself as well off. Anna has two children —a son who is 65 and retired himself, and a daughter who is 51. She has lived with her daughter's family since her husband died 39 years ago. She now has three grandchildren and a great-grandchild.

Anna's complaint is not that she needs financial help or that she needs care. Anna's complaint is that she is lonely. Her daughter and son-in-law both work during the day, and when they are home she is careful not to interfere too much with their lives. There are no elderly persons nearby for her to chat with, and there is no accessible public transportation to take her visiting.

Anna, her eyes too weak to read, sits for days on end, staring at the television. When her daughter's family goes on vacation next month, she is looking forward to spending two weeks in a home for the elderly because, she says, "I'll have lots of people to talk to there."

Anna is one of 23 million elderly persons in America today. Her income (public retirement insurance and private savings) and her health (a chronic but not disabling condition) are fairly typical of our elderly population. Anna's family is also typical in that it consists of aging children who are at or approaching retirement age, and of grandchildren who are grown and are starting families of their own. Anna is not typical in her living situation—only 15 per cent of America's elderly live with their children. If she chooses to stay at the old people's home permanently, she will become even more atypical — only five per cent of America's elderly live in institutions.

Contrary to popular belief, people do not wither into diseased husks on their 65th birthday. (65 is the age Americans officially become "old", as it is the age they reach mandatory retirement, and when they become eligible to collect social security benefits.) Most people remain relatively active and healthy long after they retire. It is almost impossible to categorise them according to personal characteristics, as their needs relate to their experiences over a lifetime. However, as a group, our older population will require income stability, as well as modifications in our current health care, transportation, and educational facilities. Providing roles for the ageing that create a feeling of worth and self-esteem will also be important.

"The ageing problem in the United States," says Walter M. Beattie, director of the Syrause University All-University Gerontology Centre, "is not the sum of housing, medical, and financial needs of the nation's elderly. Rather, it is the social impact the elderly are going to have on the whole population. It will mean thinking of ageing, not as an isolated condition but in terms of the whole intergenerational life span. Ageing is not a disease or a disability."

Perhaps the only disease our elderly suffer from is the plague of misconceptions delivered on them by their juniors. They are forced to retire at 65 because they are considered "too old" to work. Few educational centres cater to the elderly because, as the saying goes, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." Even health care facilities designed to treat the chronic but often minor medical problems of the ageing are non-existent, as young people think that age itself is an overwhelming incurable illness. Even in our most prominent libraries, texts on ageing are stacked on the same shelf as volumes on blindness and retardation.

The problem of income maintenance for the elderly in the United States is currently met by a complex twining of individual and public resources. The family does not take the primary role for at least two reasons. Our culture breeds independence, and the advent of multigenerational families has made the practice of sons and daughters caring for their parents impractical. Beattie poses the problem this way: "At least one third of the people aged 60 and above in the United States have an older living parent. Most of those people have children 40 or above who are beginning to consider their own retirement, and who have children beginning to start families of their own.

That's five living generations. How do you determine which children are responsible for the support of which parents?"

While it is true that 85 per cent of elderly Americans do not live with their children, it does not mean they have been abandoned by them. A survey done by Ethel Shanas, a prominent American gerentologist, for the National Opinion Research Centre, indicated that 85 per cent of the survey's elderly respondents said they had seen one or more of their relatives during the past week. Other research indicates that most elderly parents have at least one child living within close proximity. The fact that 80 per cent of America's old people own their own homes also indicates there is no need for ageing parents to join their children's households.

There is a need for an income programme to maintain those homes, however. The major public programme that allows America's ageing to retain their independence is aptly called "Social Security." Started in the 1930's, this programme has been amended and extended until today it provides benefits for 90 per cent of our elderly population. Through this programme, every worker must contribute a designated proportion of his weekly paycheck to the national Social Security fund (this is done automatically at payroll offices). The money these workers contribute goes into the Social Security checks paid monthly to the nation's elderly.

Private pension plans can help ease finances in old age by adding to Social Security income, but only about one-fourth of retired Americans collect pensions. This is because the private pension system rewards employees who spend their lives with one company. The American worker often does not stay in one place long enough to accumulate pension benefits.

Public income, private pensions and individual savings may provide a regular income for our old people, but they do not provide an affluent lifestyle. Most retired Americans have to live on about half of their pre-retirement income. For people who have always had substantial incomes, this is relative poverty. For those who have never had more than life's bare necessities, even while working, it is absolute poverty. It was estimated in 1973 that 16 per cent of America's elderly lived in poverty and that many more had incomes that hovered only slightly above the poverty level. (Ed Note: Poverty level in the U.S. is obviously totaly different from poverty level in India.)

America's older population is beginning to react to these poverty figures. Forming activist groups like the Grey Panthers in New York City, elderly men and women are publicising their problems and lobbying for reforms. Troops of spunky geriatrics are advocating the repeal of the mandatory retirement policy, and are pressing for Social Security reforms and increased benefits to combat inflation. Already "ageing power" has convinced many merchants to give the elderly (often called senior citizens) discounts on grocery store prices, bus fares, and any variety of consumer goods. Public agencies also have been persuaded to provide admission to movies, concerts, and lectures at half or no charge to old people. Since old people are known to exercise their vote more frequently than the young, politicians are turning their attention to the medical and income reforms needed by the elderly.

Physically, our elderly find themselves isolated in their homes in unsafe city neighbourhoods, in nursing homes where they can sit for days without being spoken to, and even, as in Anna's case, in the homes of their children, where they feel useless and burdensome.

There are even more subtle forms of isolation in old age. A United Nations report on ageing describes the cultural isolation of the old from the young in nations that emphasise youth as the hope of the future, and which see the ageing as representatives of a not-so-rosy past. In societies where youth reigns, the old can find little justification for living, and hide from view, or resort to imitating the dress and pastimes of youth in an effort to abandon their own generation.

These problems are grim, but they are not unsolveable. As the numbers of elderly increase in the U.S., their isolation and loneliness should decrease. Some of the solutions to the isolation of elderly here are imaginative—others are just common sense.

We have national nutrition centres that provide hot meals to the elderly at low cost. The centres also serve as meeting places for the elderly to gather and talk, and many of them have libraries and recreational facilities.

As our school-age population decreases and the numbers of our elderly swell, programmes utilising available classroom space in elementary schools are springing up around the country. Old people are going to neighbourhood schools now for recreation, medical counseling, and education.

Experiments in housing are varied. Some elderly are forming cooperatives where several men and women live together and care for each other. Home visitors perform small personal and household chores to help old people who are alone in their homes. Apartment buildings that house many generations bring the young and the old together.

Even more encouraging are the signs that the American young are moving over to make room for the ageing in places that never included old people before. In the background of Pepsi-Cola ads, one can now see a smiling grandfather toasting the future. On prime-time T.V., a militant oldster has been stealing the show as the grandmother in "Phyllis."

Perhaps best of all, the elderly are discovering themselves.

Walter Beattie has been discussing ageing policy in his office in Syracuse University's intergenerational living centre. Here, a complex of windowed towers house apartments for the elderly and dormitory rooms for university students. On the patio outside his window, a gathering forms. A couple, both residents of the elderly apartment complex, have just been married in the building's chapel. The groom is 81, his bride a few years younger.

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO RETIRE ?

Continued from page 17

with their son in their old age. "And why not?" demanded Mr. Mehta of Andheri. "Can't I at least expect this of my son after spending my whole life bringing him up?" But such values and attitudes are changing. Besides, the joint family, which was a refuge for the old, is now in a decadent stage. An office worker of a newspaper office, however, thinks differently. He would like to relax after slogging for years, but not with his son. How would he spend his time? "Why, my wife and I will participate in religious activities. Moreover, with the children settled in life, it will be a delayed honeymoon for us."

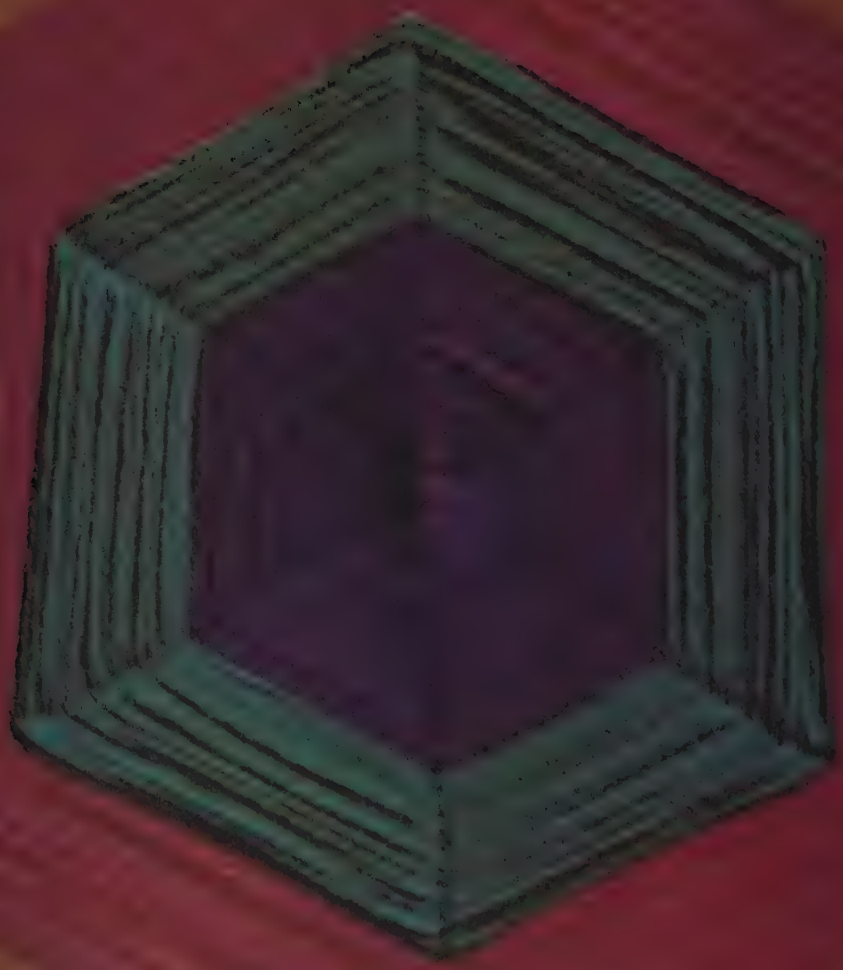
There have also been instances of people working neither for monetary consideration nor for keeping themselves occupied. There are many who have nurtured secret ambitions or hobbies to indulge in after retirement. As a friend said, "Retirement should be a time for renewal of dreams. I have planned a number of activities to be done when I retire." His job gives him a chance to do a limited number of things—teach in an evening college, produce radio features, write for documentary films and do social welfare work, besides his job! "The time element," he says, "is a binding one. It doesn't provide scope to use all one's abilities, try out all one's ideas. . . These are God-given. He gave them to be put to use I cannot betray Him, nor my urges."

Mr. Rebello, who worked in a managerial position in a pharmaceutical company, on the other hand, is currently studying for the Bachelor of Commerce degree. He retired only a few months ago. Another example is Mr. Mitra, who was a superintendent of a department in the Railways in Calcutta and is at present a busy advocate. He had studied law when young but had given up practice in favour of a job.

Taking all into account, the question arises, should the retirement age be raised? Both government and private firms give an emphatic "no" as an answer. "We need to provide employment opportunites for the teeming millions of youngsters," they reason. But as Mr. Kolhatkar of "The Times of India" said, "With age comes maturity and wisdom. Moreover, after years of service in a high position, a person gains managerial abilities. If these persons can be absorbed in social and cultural organisations, which need such people, on a nominal salary, the problem can be minimised."

Summing up, it can be said that in today's world, careful planning is vitally necessary to ensure comfortable living in old age. And this should be done keeping in mind the likely conditions of the future.

Raymond's
Knitting yarn



THE FORGOTTEN ONES

N. Bharathi

It was a normal question to ask any film person. But Ruby Meyers alias Sulochana was shocked when I asked her which of her films would be following after her rather cute role in "Julie". "What a horrible question to ask!" she said over the phone. And then she went on to inform me that she had a very tiny role in "Khatta Meetha". Philosophically she followed it up with an observation that, if things were really bad at her end (financially and work wise), nobody could be blamed for it. Ups and downs were after all a part of the game.

Coming as it did from a film actress who at one time was ten times more famous than Hema Malini today, it shattered me. And then I went to meet Sheela, the singing star of the '40s. Today, Sheela joins the ranks of the ignored old artistes who once knew great fame and fortune and now can seek consolation only from the days that were. Losing one's fame is bad enough. But when it is coupled with financial difficulties, then it becomes almost unbearable. Sheela spoke of the time she was received with garlands galore at Delhi airport when she was a big star. "Ten years later, I accompanied my husband (the late Rama Shukla), who was instrumental in stopping me from acting, to Delhi for the release of one of his starrers. Every person in the unit signed autographs by the dozens while I sat alone in a seat waiting and hoping that someone might recognise me. But nobody did. And it was the same airport where ten years earlier I had been the cynosure of all eyes! But one has to take these things philosophically. It's no use brooding over it. When a woman like Sulochana who has seen the best of fame and glory can come down to this level and be denied even the work she loves to do, then what can we say for ourselves?"

Mr. Arvind Kumar, editor Madhuri, who looks after the Filmfare Old Artistes' Benevolent Fund, was reluctant to give out the names of the artistes who received monetary help from them. But he was at pains to point out, "What is really sad is that there is no social security in our country. These people are not begging for anything. They're ready to work. In fact all of them are very keen to work. But film producers do not give them any work at all. We got Ravi Tandon to give Master Nissar (famous hero of the '20s and '30s) some work. He used him for three days and that was all we could do for the man."

Master Nissar — the famous hero of the '20s and '30s — with his wife.

Ruby Meyers, perhaps better known as Sulochana.

Drive down through Kamatipura, the notorious red light area of Bombay, and go up a rickety flight of stairs in an old dilapidated building. You come to a dingy one-room tenement on the second floor where Master Nissar, the hero who set female hearts aflutter, lives with his wife. Once upon a time, magazines used to call him The Golden Voiced Master Nissar. Master Nissar's "Shree Farhad" was a big hit and the man remembers his past glory with much pride as he tells you that he acted in one of the first colour films in the country, "Kisan Kanya". From there he slipped to character roles in movies like "Sadhna", "Dhool Ka Phool", "Kohinoor" and "Azaad". "In 'Azaad' he did a beautiful qawali," recalls his wife. "I have a role in 'Aaka aur Gulam' where Shatrughan Sinha is the hero," put in Master Nissar. At the moment this is the only assignment he can talk about. He is ready for more. But it's the same story of the producers showing reluctance to use talent that is lying waste.

"If I had been in Europe, for all my years of service to the film industry, I would have been a rich man. But in this country we get nothing from the Government," said Master Nissar. The Maharashtra Government gives him Rs. 1,400 per annum.

The only other agency that aids old artistes is the Filmfare Old Artistes' Benevolent Fund. Individuals of course help out where they can. Prithviraj Kapoor had Mubarak living with him. Shashi Kapoor is one film star outside whose house one finds old artistes sitting and having a cup of tea and going away with some money too. What is sadly lacking is an organised effort to do something constructive for old artistes who have fallen on bad times. There was once a move to collect one hundred rupees from every star for every new film that he or she signs. However this move never did take off since nobody was ready to take charge of collecting the sum from all artistes.

One question which people keep asking is where all the money goes. Film stars are reputed to be earning more than the average common man. Can you blame others when you earn in lakhs and fritter it away foolishly on liquor and women? Take the instance of Parshuram. Sometime back, Bombay T.V gave his sob story a big coverage. When I approached a few big stars and asked them why they didn't rush to the aid of an old colleague who was seeing bad times, I was shocked to learn that stars who had given him money were disgusted to find him drinking away every single paise they gave him. Old timer Sheela nods and agrees, "It's really sad to come across such instances where they kill their future with their own hands. But you must realise that

Continued on page 53

Photographs: Sanil

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The name Jhaveri Sisters is practically synonymous with Manipuri dancing, which they not only dance superbly, but have also served with lifelong dedication

Angana Jhaveri

The students of the Nartanalaya, Bombay, dancing the Vasant Ras.

TRAINING IN CLASSICAL

MANIPURI DANCE

To teach a youngster to control her body movements, allowing the arms to flow gracefully into circles, to teach her to poise balanced on intricate and subtle foot work is the work of a Manipuri dance teacher. The fluidity and tenuity of this dance form demands a maturity which seems always elusive in spite of rigorous practice.

In Manipur in some places there exists even today the age old system of learning in which a student renders services rather than making the impersonal money payment to the guru. This guru-shishya relationship is unique and ideal. The student devotes his free time to the chores of housekeeping, etc. for his guru. This means that the guru has his pupil at his beck and call most of day. There need not be regular school hours and the student's lessons are controlled by the passionate involvement of his teacher rather than the mechanised ticking of a clock.

In such an atmosphere, the traditional student is trained to perfection. The teaching is done with great care and dedication. Quite often the teacher may lose his temper but the intimacy of the guru-shishya relationship holds strong. This is because the student trusts his guru completely and the guru looks upon his students as his children to whom he can entrust his reputation as a guru.

Two of the Bombay students in a Vasant Ras item.

Due to this close relationship a certain sense of possessiveness obviously does develop. Yet the guru does not let his pupils suffer by it. If he feels that the potential in his students extends to areas beyond his own specialisation, or if he feels that the shishyas need more training in some aspects of the dance, he encourages them to get together and invites other gurus to teach them, although the students themselves would not do so without the guru's permission.

Natpala (Sankirtan) & Ras are very highly developed classical dances. They are the most aesthetic and fervent religious expressions of the Vaishnavite people of Manipur. They are superbly evolved in both vigorous Tandava and the delicate lasya styles of Manipuri dance.

The Natpala requires the student to be proficient at playing the mudang (pung) and the Kantal (large resounding cymbals).

Students of the Nartanalaya, Manipur, under training.

Guru Bipin Sinha training students of the Nartanalaya, Calcutta.

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TRAINING IN CLASSICAL MANIPURI DANCE

The training in drum playing begins normally at the age of six or seven years. The students toil day and night for about four to five years before their fingers respond to the complicated syllabus of the drum with a tolerable agility. This is when they are given the opportunity to participate at small functions. Besides being adept at the drum the student has to also learn how to use the cymbals, synchronising with the time measure of the drum syllables (Kartal Marol).

The students of purely Kartal Chalom (dancing with cymbals) are not required to learn the drum, but they must be able to recite the syllables played and to sing the songs and to accompany the drummers with Kartal Marol.

As in Natpala performance the musicians are also the dancers (cymbal dancing and drum dancing) executing various prabandhas and talaprabandhas (combination of the various rhythm patterns), both the singer and the drummers have to know the others' movements and song or drum patterns very well, to be able to begin and end their pieces at appropriate moments.

It is said that years ago the King would at times examine their competence by asking the drummer to sing or the singer to play on the drum.

The guru, who is a master of talas, is able to demonstrate the most awe inspiring juggling with different talas. For instance, he would play one particular tala on the drum while keeping time by tapping his foot to another completely different tala.

The Guru lives in his own world concentrating with a free mind upon new creations in body movements and rhythmic patterns, inspired mainly from the natural phenomenon in Manipuri. One should not forget the fact that the guru's wife also contributes towards her husband's attaining success. She experiences all kinds of day to day tribulations of earning and housekeeping to ensure her husband's artistic satisfaction and fame. Although he performs in the Natpala, it is not a regularly paying proposition.

RAS

Training dancers for a Ras had its own system. Its performance is considered an important religious happening and is very well attended socially.

According to the ancient custom, a Ras performance was sponsored by a well-to-do person of respectable social standing. As he paid for all the expenses incurred, his child would play the role of Lord Krishna. Gradually, as economically more difficult days came, the parents of the little Radha and the main Gopi (Makok Chongbi) shared the expenses with him.

They invited gurus (called Rasdharis) to their homes to coach the participants. They collected artistes from their neighbourhood (leikai)) to take the roles of all the other characters in the Ras The training that they underwent was something like a crash course as the guru offered his services for about 10-12 hours daily for four to six months. The rasdhari (guru) accompanied the dancing, playing the drum himself. His task was to teach all the dances to all the different characters, the songs to the sutradharis or main singers and some Gopis who had to sing while dancing. This shows that to become a Rasdhari one had to go through an intense course of training — part of it meant to assist the guru in coaching artistes some months before the Ras. It is a challenging task to be trained as a Rasdhari as it means being a good all-rounder. In Ras equal emphasis is laid on dance and music.

Today's constraints on the teaching of this classical dance style are new and strange to most gurus trained in the traditional way. Now, the teacher must possess an analytical mind along with dynamic creative ability. Students are able to grasp new ideas quickly and they are also apt to question. To satisfy their keen intelligence, a teacher must be very clear about the theoretical background to every practical exercise.

In a class the students are many and the time is limited. To cope with this, a guru has to evolve a regular standardized system, he must work out a consistent methodology to be followed by his students all over the country.

The Jhaveri sisters have been very fortunate in having the guidance of their teacher Guru Bipin Sinha in their efforts to establish a course in Manipuri dancing for students at their Manipuri Nartanalayas.

Guru Bipin is a dancer, scholar, teacher and a choreographer. As he has travelled extensively and knows the world, he has a keen understanding of the modern requirements of theatre presentation. From his childhood, he has studied the various forms of Manipuri dancing from various gurus of Cachar, Manipur and Tripura. He has studied and collected various musical compositions of Natpala and Ras. He has a vast collection of ancient Manipuri manuscripts as well as books of ancient Indian shastras on music and dance. He has studied these as well as Vaishnavaite shastras and literature. With his scientific attitude he has fused the traditional dance and music in Manipur with these shastras. In formulating the teaching of Manipuri dancing, he has been very particular to include all the important traditional and classical dances of Manipur as well as the traditional compositions of various Gurus.

In Manipur, since ancient times, there has been a close relationship between Sankirtan and Ras.

There are innumerable talas and rhythm patterns being used in Ras and Natpala. He grouped toras (prastars) of different gurus in each tala separately, e.g. in Tanchep Paren (of four beats), Menkup Paren (six beats), Chali Paren (eight beats) etc.

In prabandh (musical) composition, grouping had to be done according to the number of elements. These incorporate traditional compositions as well as new compositions — Tandava, Lasya, pure dance as well as interpretative dance.

The pure dance movements have been analysed referring to shastras for teaching purpose and are grouped into feet movements on the ground while jumping, sitting, turning round, etc so that the students after learning these basic movements can pick up the dance composition easily.

Along with Ras dances, the course incorporates festival dances like Khobakhisha, Mandila and traditional dances like Lai Haroba and Maibi.

The training of singing and bol playing on the drum, tal and its rotation are given equal importance. The theory of Manipuri dance, i.e. all its aspects — historical, geographical, religious, literary — which have helped to evolve this particular dance form, is also given importance.

All the above dance compositions were analysed and classified and then put in systematic order and divided into two study courses — one of six years "Nartan Visharad", and the other of eight years "Nartan Acharya"

It gives all-round, full-fledged training to a student for becoming a good dancer, scholar and teacher of classical Manipuri dancing. This course is framed in such a general way that it can be taught by any teacher of any Gharana (School).

The course has been recognised by the Manipur State Kala Academy, Bombay University, S.N.D.T. University and the H.S.C. Board, Bombay. It is being taught in many institutes in India, particularly in the "Manipuri Nartanalaya" in Bombay, Calcutta and Manipur, promoted by the Jhaveri sisters in collaboration with Guru Bipin Sinha.

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THE INITIATING WOMAN

But that is only half the story. What of the women over 35 who do take the risks of admitting their assertive side? Those I talked to had found all sorts of capacities and extensions beyond their attachments to men and children. Some had struck out into painting, writing, photography, creative pursuits of all kinds. Some had gone back to school or to teaching with a new vigour of commitment. Others had put their family management skills to broader use in public agencies or started their own businesses, or they were selling real estate or running for office. Against the fading orchids of ladies who had "married well" but remained dormant inside their hothouses, these hardy and second-blooming begonias were more beautiful, more mysterious, more exciting than they had ever felt themselves to be in the bloom of youth.

Mia is such a woman. The next to last time I saw Mia, she had stopped believing in her own worthlessness. I knew it the moment I saw her across the room. We were at a party called to plan an event for the international women's art festival. Many of the others there were rich wives who would take what importance they could from being sponsors. Mia was different, an artist in her own right.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Everything! All at once. This week a book of my pictures goes to press. The publisher came to me! I'm doing a one-woman show next month, and **Camera 35** is devoting half an issue to my work. It's like a dream."

She rushed on, the heat of her exuberance so direct that I had to remind myself of the journey that brought her to such a place. This was a woman who for thirty-five years had performed one escape attempt after the other in the effort to avoid claiming her own authority. At the midpoint, she had risked the disintegration of everything she had been taught to believe guaranteed her safety and enrichment. She left her husband, a man idolized by others, and endured years of estrangement from her children. Recently, she told me, she had even pulled free of the mentor who first put a camera in her hands. Upon discovering her talent to be superior to his, he had become abusive.

THE URGE TO SOAR HAD BEEN THERE AT 30 . . .

"I have a lover who lives on the other side of the country," she was saying now. "We met at a creative workshop. He's one of the venerated professors in the field, and he respects my work. I don't have to pretend anymore that I'm less than the best I can possibly be. He doesn't distract me: I don't crowd him. And when we do get together, it's **whoosh** — like swimming nude for the first time. My children like me again, and I don't even care that my breasts sag. I'm 41 and I'm flying. I catch myself laughing on the street!"

The urge to soar had been there at 30, but so was the safety net of her own making. In its snarls, like so many women, Mia was caught up and stalled. She could not break through and develop in a progressive way because so many of the preliminary steps still had to be taken. And so what she had was a standing-up nervous breakdown.

There was no point to her being in Puerto Rico that summer. Not with three babies at the lifting and diapering stage in a two-room apartment off the beach where the sewers emptied out in San Juan. Not when her husband was quartered hours away at a camp in the rain forest. But it was like him to volunteer to be where he could best help humanity in the aggregate; he was an activist minister. Once a week the Reverend would fly down to visit his family. Mia saw him only for dinner. The rest of the time he would be at the beach, in the water, perfecting his "Peace Corps float."

The August heat pressed down. The cockroaches multiplied into a squirming carpet, and her back went bad. All week she screamed at the children. When the Reverend came on Sundays she would throw blunt objects at the mirror. He stopped spending the night. One visiting day she blew sky high.

"If I have to bend one more time to pick up the baby, I'll break in two," she howled. "Or pitch him over the roof." No response. "You won't talk to me. Please! I'm getting scared. I'm ready to crack."

Her warnings failed to bestir the Reverend. This much she knew about him by now: He was one of those people who could exercise compassion only from a safe distance. To the multitude of college students who sat beyond his lectern, plucking at each silvery

PASSAGES

SNEAK PREVIEW: MEN AND WOMEN GROWING UP

Gail Sheehy

philosophical fruit as it ripened in his fertile mind, he was the man with all the answers. He could comfort the parents of suicidal freshmen, inspire the young to global causes, soothe the dying. But for pain or need in his immediate circle, the Reverend had no tolerance whatever. He couldn't see He didn't hear. Around his personal emotions there was a fender of steel.

Such people often go into the ministry, politics, psychiatry, or other forms of counseling professions that allow them to help others from a detached, guru position but protect them from the dangers of one-to-one intimacy.

Had Mia attended to her first instincts on this score, she would never have married the Reverend. But openness and intimacy were not what she craved most at 22; authority was. A voice of authority to do what she could not, which was stand up to her father. Mia's father was a renowned musician who toured the capitals of the world and effortlessly dominated all those around him. His ego was devouring. It was easy to please him; all she had to do was say yes.

Yes, she wanted to be on the stage. Upon uttering those words at the age of five she was sent off to study dance, and from the age of 11, she was trained even to the exclusion of school. What did they talk about in school? she longed to know. She was parched with loneliness. Having gone through the contortions of puberty alone, Mia was a long time in catching up with her peer group. Many years later she would still be dipping back into the candy bin of adolescence to fill up on the fun she resented having lost.

Physiology spared Mia the ballerina's life her father had in mind. Mounds rose on her chest. Her hips swelled like donuts, and pads of flesh parted her thighs. She came out of puberty beautifully shaped for a lover's embrace but of a shape that was not going to approximate Markova no matter what. The family destiny was adjusted. She would be an actress.

"I also wanted to please my mother," she can say at 41, "but that's taken me until **now** to recognize. She was the one who said, 'Stop biting your nails; no one will marry you. Stop reading books; no one will marry you.' "

At 22, Mia was living out her official dream as a member of a Broadway cast and colossally bored. That was the point at which the Reverend came into her life, with his articulate professor friends, his Proust and Dostoevsky, his riveting tales of the torments of war and poverty in a world that was totally foreign to her. But it was something else about the Reverend that captivated her.

One day she heard the young man talk back to her father. Instead of oozing in deference, as did all the other sycophants, he stated his opinions flawlessly and without fear. Mia felt like Rapunzel.

"This would save my life! He was a respectable, acceptable, solid, officially recognized **counter**authority. He would make me safe. He would do all my saying no to my father for me. My instincts told me at the last minute there was something unreal about our getting married. I didn't want it, but I thought I should. He had the same reservations, as it turns out. He didn't tell me about them for twenty years."

Mia spent her twenties trying to substitute for her self, that once-upon-a-time dream who existed only in her father's mind and had been extinguished by marriage. She manipulated her husband into making her pregnant. "I was desperate to have something to reassure me I was real." She had one child, then two more in rapid succession. Frightened then by the helplessness of such a brood, she threw herself into running a soup kitchen and filled the house with her husband's students. It was amusing; it kept the place alive. What scared her was that everyone went home.

"There's something we have to talk about," she would begin gently.

A flicker of panic in his eyes. Then, as though her words were an injection of morphine, he would fall into a wooden sleep.

"Can't we have a normal fight about it?" she would sometimes plead.

"You're as big as what makes you mad," was his answer. Racism could make him mad. Vietnam, famine in Pakistan, but the slow starvation of one woman whose flesh twitched at night immediately next to his — no, to permit her a world of private chaos might have forced open his own inner chambers.

(SHE) SPENT HER TWENTIES TRYING TO SUBSTITUTE FOR HER SELF . . .

"After seven years I found myself being drawn to other people," Mia remembers. "I had just emptied out. I couldn't give him anything, I'd supported all fifteen of his causes, but to me they were fifteen mistresses. They took up all his time, his energy, passion, guts. There was nothing left."

If one cannot dare the broadening that is a universal urge in the passage to the thirties, the inner demand must be diverted in compulsive activity or secondary escapes found or a soothing regressive trip taken back to an earlier stage. In any one of these ways, the confrontation with the inner custodian can be postponed. Mia tried them all.

Before the seams could crack in Puerto Rico, Mia packed abruptly and returned home, masking the rupture by making recordings for the blind and speeches for the Peace Corps and hovering oppressively over her children. "Keeping busy was the most important thing. I thought, when he comes back in November, he'll see that I made a great effort to un-crack up, and we'll start over."

The notion that our personalities can be changed on command belongs to the twenties. Mia was getting too old for such illusions. On New Year's Eve she slipped into a brief, listless nonaffair with one of her husband's associates. His status was similar to hers. They loved the same man and resentfully picked up the pieces of his personal life while the Reverend collected all the professional acclaim. They met secretly in cars pretending their conspiratorial crush was romance. The plain fact was, Mia had no sex in her life whatsoever. For all the joy her ripe flesh afforded, she thought, she might better have been a miserable flat-chested dancer.

The day before Easter, with the penitential Lenten season coming to an end, Mia sensed a funny silence in the house. The Reverend called her upstairs to the bedroom. It was the first time he had addressed her in such an intimate way.

"I've figured out that the only way life is bearable for you is because you're seeing—," he said. "I know about it, but I don't want you to feel guilty. I had an affair in Puerto Rico."

His confession summoned no absolution from his wife, nor did it assuage her guilt since she felt none.

"I couldn't leave because of the children," she explains. "They were too young. At some level, I might have known it was a matter of time."

For the duration of this passage, Mia's behaviour slipped from regression into self-degradation. She shopped. Every day a full-hipped woman without expression could be seen wandering about downtown staring at window displays, like a teenager with nothing more important to do than pick out the right shoes. Her car was routinely towed away. Her children waited at school, forgotten. At night, with enough liquor sopping her brain to take up all powers of discrimination, she would make herself available to the faculty. Every encounter was the same; quick, dry, anonymous. The only way she would know the name of the last man who bedded her was to look it up in the faculty directory — if she cared.

"I was dying on all levels. And then one day when I was 31 years old, I fell in love. Utterly, completely, never-again love. And I realised what I'd been missing. It was an impossible situation. He was a 19-year-old student. But he understood me the way nobody ever has, including my mother. He saw my weaknesses; he knew how to deal with my guilt. While my husband was upstairs writing his sermon, we'd drink tea and talk for seven hours in the kitchen. Suddenly I was able to see things and say things about myself. My relationship with the children improved because I was getting fuel from someone. For three years I lived a double life."

It was a toboggan slide back to adolescent love, which is mostly conversation. In this exploratory, narcissistic, one-to-one alliance, which she had missed as a young girl, uncomplicated by the demands of marriage, she could begin to define herself through the feedback from another.

Thirty-five was the watershed year. The guilt of living off the fuel of a young man had caught up with her, and into her life was introduced an entirely new kind of vehicle for self-expression. An artistic vehicle. An independent way to seek achievement, mastery, confidence, and the recognition of others. Being thoroughly accustomed to seeking for such expansion through men and children, she describes this new object of love in the same words one would use for a lover.

"I was seduced by photography."

There was a good reason for the confused association. It was a man who put the camera in her hands and showed her how to use it, a mentor who also became her lover.

All the studies agree that the presence or absence of such a figure has enormous impact on development. For a man in his twenties, the mentor, a guide who regards him as a younger adult, but not as a boy or son,

Continuing the "Sneak Preview," begun last week, the conclusion of this chapter discusses "the initiating woman," who takes the risk of admitting her assertive side. Our last extract from PASSAGES (Predictable Crises of Adult life) will appear next week

supports the young man's dreams and helps him put it into effect in the world. He is a nonparental career-role model. He also offers a critical leg up in helping a young man overcome the father-son-polarity. The lack of mentors, Levinson has concluded, is a great developmental handicap. There is a further developmental handicap that men are spared, however. For them, the mentor and the loved one (the other key figure) are generally two different people.

Fewer mentors are available for women. Indeed, when I brought up the question of mentors with women most of them didn't know what I was talking about. Female mentors have been particularly scarce. And when a man becomes interested in guiding and advising a younger woman, there is usually an erotic interest that goes along with it. What follows from that are many combinations we can easily recognize; producer and star, professor and graduate student, doctor and nurse, director and actress, and so on. The kicker is that the relationship of guide and seeker gets all mixed up with a confusing sexual contract.

What happens if she becomes confident enough to do without me? the mentor often fears. He can keep a finger on the control valve by criticizing her performance or by cutting back on his emotional support. The woman may have a difficult time finding her own equilibrium because her professional, emotional, and sexual nourishment are all piped in from the same person. And eventually that person is too much like a father for her own developmental good.

On the other hand, career women who haven't had a mentor relationship miss it, even if they don't know what to call it. Roughly 80 per cent of the judgement jobs are hidden in the unpublished job market and reached only through the grapevine or the mentor system. Almost without exception, the women I studied who did gain recognition in their careers were at some point nurtured by a mentor.

THIRTY-FIVE WAS THE WATERSHED YEAR

The same finding was made by Margaret Hennig in her Harvard doctoral study (1970) of twenty-five high-level women executives. All had attached very strongly in their early careers to a single male boss. And once in the protective custody of this mentor, they subordinated all other relationships to it. The mentor helped these women to believe in their abilities and also acted as a buffer against clients and other company members who felt threatened by able women.

Mia's intertwined romance with a mentor and a camera initiated a crisis of growth, stretching and testing her for the next five years in all the ways that the midlife passage can. It began with a joyful ventilation, as described in a letter from her mentor:

> I showed you the simple alchemy of lights, silver and certain chemicals. But you had to find your own way with photography. I wanted it to give you what it had given me. I wanted you, in the middle of the intense and exhausting busyness of going nowhere, to be able to hold something finished in your hand, something you had seen and fixed. . . All this time, and for years before, something had been growing in you. It was the kind of pressure that can lead to things like alcoholism or suicide or, occasionally, art. Happily, it began to find its way out through your photography.

For Mia, taking pictures began as something she could do to please her lover. Within a year it became her own sustenance. She realized it was all that stood between her and complete emotional collapse; for by now, in every other area of her life, she was barely functional. She agonized over what to do about the children. There are other women who could leave sterile marriages and find the energy to manage a household of children while training themselves in a new profession, she told herself, but in a much later breath admitted, "I'm not one of them." Given her present condition, she knew she could only be destructive to the children. To work her way out of this dilemma, she made a decision that most of us would find unthinkable. She left the children in the care of her husband.

She tried to explain to them: "You know how much Daddy and I fight. It's wrong to scream at you when we're really angry at each other." The littlest boy, who was nine, began asking to dress like his older sister. She was the favourite; if he duplicated her, it might persuade his mother to stay

They all stood waving outside the faculty house the day she left. Her eyes burned and her blood raced and she drove directly into the sun. She was a hobo. In a sterile white high rise in Manhattan she found one room and put away her books and cameras. She set up a darkroom. Except for classes or to shoot pictures, she saw no one and went nowhere.

"I had to collect a portfolio, and if that's what I was going to do, I had damn well better do it. I was exhilarated but I felt scared too."

Do you hear the sound of opposites again? This might be the voice of the 25-year-old-man, seeking his niche in the adult world by sticking tightly to a narrow career goal and subordinating everything else.

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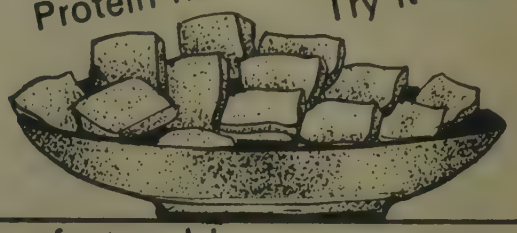

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But for Mia there were also the rocky days when her children came to town, to visit "kooky Mommy." She wondered if they would ever forgive her for leaving them. Her mentor didn't turn up again until she was all settled. "We were in that strange freaky state," she recalls, "where you wonder why things are not what they are said to be."

Her pictures were becoming good, and her love life went because of it. Her eyes, when she was working, were the sulfurous blue of a struck match. She was her own discovery. But to her mentor those same working eyes represented a betrayal. The originality of their vision had surpassed his influence. He was good, but Mia was gifted.

They couldn't go on a picnic because she would find the remarkable in trees that seemed to him commonplace. At parties she was terrified lest someone praise her work within his earshot. When they returned home he would rage, drunk, and strike at those eyes that saw what he could not. The point came where they couldn't walk down the street together.

Sooner or later every apprentice must refute the absolute power of the mentor if he (or she) is to emerge as owner of his own authority. Levinson says a man cannot have a mentor after 40. Women in business who outgrow their guides are more likely to reach top management. Those who remain reliant cannot advance to the top position and are likely to become a lodestone to their mentors, who usually in the end discard them.

Maintaining the pretence that she was not superior to her teacher was a torture for Mia, but the lingering dependence on him was part of a much larger issue she had to resolve in midlife. She could not make the break with her mentor until she dared to defy her inner dictator.

It took her forty years of living on the same earth to say no to her father. She brought her fist down on the dining room table and shouted one night, "Who do you think you are — God?"

"Yes," her celebrated father replied.

"Well, you're not," she said, and the great man's magical powers over her were broken.

Today, Mia is admired by other women for what she has dared to be, for her passion and intensity and pride of self, for her strong-mindedness and truth. But it would be remiss of me to leave you believing that Mia has found everlasting harmony between love and work.

Her authenticity, attained only at the price of torment, throws a scare into men. Even men like the professor. When they met at the creative workshop it seemed that here at last was a man who would be secure enough to rejoice freely in Mia's talent. It was her spirit that attracted him in the first place. But what attracted soon began to frighten, even repel. In fits of something like revenge he tries now to cut away at the painstakingly rigged confidence Mia has built around her work. He turns for reassurance back to his stupid gentle girl students. "They swoon the minute he walks into the room."

Recently Mia and I met for lunch. She looked tired but resolute in her working jeans, boots, untinted glasses. Out of her portfolio came the lustrous monograph, just published, a public recognition of her vision as art. It is a time of sweet triumph. She talked about being busy hanging her first one-woman show, but there was a cloud over her effervescence. The professor was in town. Deliberately ignoring these great events in Mia's life, he expected her to be ready on a phone call's notice to join his itinerary. She was angry, wary. Why should he behave this way?

"He drinks too much, smokes too much. He drives his car all over the freeways of Los Angeles with a death wish in his eyes." Mia went on reciting the danger signals of a man at the self-destructive peak of his own midlife crisis, as if forcing herself to heed them. "I'm seeing him now through his work. He's an artist, and his work is a perfect reflection of the way he treats life. The figures are plastered on top of one another, disintegrating. They're cruel, obscene. I scare him because I don't like his work. It's dehumanized. And once in a while when I tell him, he panics."

The famous professor, like the celebrity Reverend before him, like Mia's father, sounded to me like an infant god. I had come across several such men whose tremendous public success had partitioned them off from a sense of their humanity. His subordinates continually tell this man in so many words that he's a god. They do not make demands on him that he be emotionally in touch or touchable. They do not bring him pain or domestic confusion. Eventually, every one he surrounds himself with is a subordinate. As soon as a germ of depression or anxiety threatens to invade his sterile field, he goes back to work, where people reassure him that he is a corporate "giant," a movie "mogul," a creative "genuis." The depression goes away. Little by little he regresses into believing that he is an infant god who can have anything he wants. And less and less does he want to go home to his wife, because she will demand that he be human.

The professor is married. He is 43. At a period in life when evervone has fearsome questions to face, he would naturally be looking for reassurance. But given the particularly precarious status of an infant god it is probably all the more upsetting for him to acknowledge Mia's independence. He calls at five in the morning as if to teach her her place as a subordinate

"It's me."

"I know who it is. So what?"

"For me, being around him is like standing on the edge of the cliff and wanting to jump, knowing it could destroy me. But I'm not going to let that happen."

How easy it would have been in the past for Mia to go on laughing like a little girl, lured to the cliff's edge by a man so dominating and egocentric that eventually he would overpower her, sweep her off her feet With a child's cry of joy, she would submit, leap, begin falling, fall into emptiness, and with a howl of recognition for her folly realize too late that he would not be there to catch her. And worse — that she might never, no not ever, stand on her two feet again.

"It took me too long, too much psychic sweat to get where I am now emotionally and professionally. I'm not about to let someone erode that. Life's too short. So I'll be alone for a while. There are worse things than being alone."

Which is an altogether new perspective on life and time and self-awareness, an unimaginable perspective to the 25-year-old who believes that life will go on forever and that not to be loved is the worst thing in the world. It is a view that can be glimpsed only while peering into the abyss from the edge of that precarious passage to the middle years.

Life does not end. Time is short. Each of us travels alone. No one else can always keep us safe. And there are some parts of our personalities that we cannot change or ignore, even when the price is separation and loss, if eventually we are to find unity within ourselves.

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this week for you

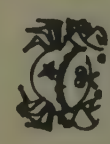
K. H. Shroff

For December 17—December 23.

ARIES (March 21—April 19) Your zeal to stand foremost in all that you do is rewarded. You gain recognition, leadership in your field of work. Favourable days: 18-23.

TAURUS (April 20--May 21) Finances improve. Partnership may be dissolved. Care in family and traffic needed. Insure valuables. Favourable days: 17-23.

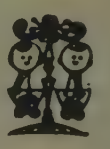
GEMINI (May 22—June 21) Your ability to handle others' duties in an emergency pleases superiors. Prospects improve. Luck for writers, secretaries, travel agents. Favourable days: 18-19.



CANCER (June 22—July 22) Settlement of pending matters, like income-tax, accounts, letters, etc. favoured, but no financial commitments please. Someone gets deeply attached or falls in love. Favourable days: 17-21.

LEO (July 23—Aug. 23) Discretion necessary in everyday affairs. Mars retrograde impels you to lose patience. Good luck in direct approach. Favourable days: 18-19.

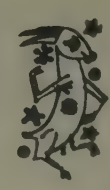
VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept 22) You will finish pending jobs. Some innovation in presentation of your talent. Those inclined romantically will be happy. Favourable days: 20-21.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22) Likely to misplace articles due to pressing work. Business deals require proper scrutiny. Relax to keep healthy. Favourable days: 22-23.

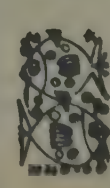
SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22) The scorpion's sting proves self-undoing because Mars retrogrades. The other symbol of Eagle's perception bestows spiritual concord. Favourable days: 17-18.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 21) Exceptionally good luck. Inspiring atmosphere activates talented artists. People in legal line prosper. Many travel abroad. Favourable days: All days.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 22—Jan. 19) You will reach the top. Your stamina and alertness in good fettle. Destiny planet Saturn remains favourable. Favourable days: all days.

AQUARIUS (JAN. 20—FEB. 19) Outwardly normal, inwardly rebellion is seething. You are likely to break the shackles of restriction and adopt your own ideals without regrets. Favourable days: 18-19.



PISCES (Feb. 20—March 20) Luck for Pisceans. Artists and social workers get publicity. Income is increased. Encouraging reply to your letter likely. Favourable days: 17-18

people and events

ABOVE: Mrs. Santosh Rattan, beauty consultant Lakme, giving a talk on beauty at a ladies' meet held at "Roop Milan," Bombay.

LEFT: At the Tinker Bell School's exhibition of work on different subjects, held in Bombay, a student explains an exhibit to a visitor.

Mr. Loring, director, Spastics Society in London, and vice-presiden International Cerebral Palsy Society, addressed the press in connectio with the International Conference on CP, held in Bombay. With hi are (from left) Mrs. Mithu Chib, chairman, Spastics Society, Bombay Mrs. Nargis Dutt, patron of the Society and Dr. P. K. Mullaferoze, the Children's Orthopaedic Hospital.

Seen at a reception arranged by the Lions Club of E. Bandra, Bombay are World Lions International Pres. Mr. Joseph Mcloughin (2nd fro right) and Mr. A. J. Gursahani, (2nd from left) pres. of the Club.

Justice Mrs. Padma Khastgir inaugurates an exhibition of paintings at the Academy of Fine Arts, Calcutta. Seen with her is the artist, Madhu Paul.

ABOVE: Mrs. Kanta Kohli, wif of the Lt. General of Delhi (4t from right) is flanked by Ash Kapani (to her left) and S. Ane ja (to her right) at the Lione installation meeting of Greate Delhi. Dist. Chairman Ind Grover is 2nd from left.

LEFT: The prize-winners o the light music competition or ganised by Gujarat University From left are Mr. Yasheshkuma Sevak of Gujarat College (1s prize), Miss Gita Dave of Vivek anand College and Mr Dhrumanshu Raval of Bhavnaga College (2nd), Miss Kalpana Da ve of Bhashabhavan an Miss Dipti Bhatt of H. L College of Commerce (3rd).

bombay

The Spastics Society held a press conference to discuss their first international conference on cerebral palsy (CP) held both in Delhi and Bombay. Nearly 1000 doctors were invited to the Conference.

At the press conference, a dismal picture of the condition of spastics in India emerged. Although one spastic is born every hour in India, the Government's attitude remains negligent. CP is an eminently preventable disease—proper ante-natal and post-natal care can ensure that the child will be born healthy. A connection has also been found between poverty and CP. In India, where 80 per cent of babies are delivered in the villages in poverty and unhygienic conditions, the main task is to create health facilities there for all.

This Conference's main aim is to focus on the need for more awareness of the problem among the public and the government.

Dr. P. K. Mullaferoze, of the Children's Orthopaedic Hospital, Dr. Eddie Bharucha, Dr. Piloo Bharucha, Dr. Raj Anand, Mrs. Nargis Dutt, patron, Mrs. Mithu Chib, chairman of the society, and Mr. James Loring, director of the spastics society in London and vice-president of the International CP society, here for the conference, discussed these problems with the press.

* * *

In view of numerous requests from their well-wishers, Sanjivani has decided to provide relief to the cyclone-affected victims of Andhra Pradesh and Tamil Nadu, where the grim tragedy has resulted in heavy loss to human beings, animals and crops.

The Trust has planned to rush household effects, clothing, blankets, medicines, etc. to the affected areas. The above items will be procured from nearby centres to facilitate easy distribution.

Those concerned may send in their contributions either in cash/cheque to the following address :—

Sanjivani,
B-53, Nalanda,
32, Pedar Road.
Bombay-400 026.

Cheques may be drawn in favour of Sanjivani. All donations are exempt from income-tax under Section 80(G) of Income-tax Act, 1961.

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At the 33rd Championship Dog Show, Obedience & Police dog trials of the Indian National Kennel Club to be held on December 17 and 18, special "Benji" Trophies will be presented by the Film Finance Corporation (to celebrate the release of the film "Benji" in Bombay from December 23, 1977) to the winner of the police dog trials (as per usual INKC regulations), and the dog resembling "Benji" (Open to all dogs registered or not. Entries accepted at show grounds upto 3.30 p.m. December 18, Sunday.)

* * *

The Armed Forces Flag Day Committee, Greater Bombay is holding a Christmas Eve ball, on December 24 at Hotel Ramada Searock. The proceeds of this will go for the welfare of families of ex-jawans, distressed and disabled soldiers. Tickets will cost Rs. 40 for men and Rs. 10 for women.

delhi

The Department of Information and Public Relations, Govt. of Andhra Pradesh, and the Andhra Pradesh State Film Corporation held a festival of award winning Telugu films of 1976 at the Mavlankar Auditorium. Mr. Jasbir Singh, Union Minister of State for Information and Broadcasting, inaugurated the festival and Mr. M. Manik Rao, Minister for Commercial Taxes and Information, Govt. of A. P., presided. Some progressive films were shown.

calcutta

"Sharat Yamini" was celebrated by the members of the Udayan Club. The evening's entertainment for the husbands of the lady members comprised of ghazals and film songs by Mrs. Rani Gairola of Figurtone and "phuljari"—humorous couplets relating to the husbands. Earlier, Max Factor Beauty Consultant Mrs. Gouri Sengupta conducted a beauty demonstration and discussed problems pertaining to the care of the skin and other related problems.

* * *

Madhu Paul exhibited 35 of her oil paintings at the Academy of Fine Arts. The subjects she dealt with were landscapes, florals and life study, with a marked preference for neutral colours. Justice Mrs. Padma Khastgir lit the lamp to mark the inauguration of Madhu's exhibition. Lady Ranu Mukherjee was the chief guest.

madras

The following appeal has come from the Sivananda Orphanage, Madras. "We the orphans of Sivananda Orphanage request the public to donate liberally for us to construct a new dormitory, on account of damage caused by heavy rains and cyclone. Donations exempted from income tax may be sent to our office. Address No. 20, Kambar Street, East Tambaram, Madras 600 059."

The orphanage was started in 1945 by Mr. and Dr. Mrs. Iyer. 120 orphans get free food, education and shelter with a Central grant of only Rs. 14 per child per month. The dormitory was in a delapidated condition, before it fell.

bangalore

Attractive Rajani Ramaswamy danced with confidence at her Bharata Natya Ranga Pravesha. Guru Pandanallur Kittappa Pillai conducted the Nattuvangam. The function had three chief guests, Rani Vijayadevi of Kotda Sangani, Komila Varadan and Nandini Bhaktavatsala.

* * *

Binaca's "Smile Contest" sponsored by CIBA–Geigy of India Ltd. for boys and girls in three age-groups between four and 24 years, was organised at Gayana Samaj, Bangalore. The contest drew more than 150 entries.

calicut

Inner Wheel Club members must work with other social organisations to help the poor and the needy to the utmost extent possible. This advice was given by chief guest Mrs. Leela Aaron, district chairman of the Inner Wheel Club, at a reception held by the Calicut Inner Wheel Club at the local Beach Hotel. Mrs. Anandam Sreenivasan, president of the Club, presided.

Mrs. Shakeela Rashid was inducted as a new member of the Club by the president pinning on her the insignia of membership. Mrs. Sharda Mooken, district secretary of the Inner Wheel Club and Mrs. Sarala Mehta, treasurer, were introduced to the members by the president.

* * *

A Baby Show sponsored by the Calicut Jayceerettes Club had a wide response. Mrs. Krishna Mohandas distributed prizes to 'best babies' adjudged by a team of judges for the occasion. Dr. Sudha Krishnan, Yamuna B. T. Nayar, Dr. Santha Venugopal and Mrs. Konniyur Surendranath were the judges. The Jayceerettes also organised a seminar on "Child health." Dr. Parvathi Madan, Dr. O I. Indira, Mrs. Navamani and others spoke.

Mrs. Ramani Menon, President of the Calicut Jayceerettes, welcomed the gathering and urged members to take interest in the welfare of the poorer sections of society. Mrs. Sherin Gangadharan proposed a vote of thanks.

THE FORGOTTEN ONES

Continued from page 43

not every film person is in a financial mess because of bad habits. In my instance, my husband was seriously ill for seven years and all our savings went to meet his medical expenses."

Master Nissar points out that what the film stars today get is staggering but what they got in his times was nothing. Sulochana at the peak of her career got Rs. 5000 for a film. Master Nissar got Rs. 2000 as the highest sum for a film. In those days Rs. 2000 meant a lot. But how much can you stretch it? Master Nissar

Sheela — the singing star of the '40s.

last big film (as hero) was released more than 35 years ago. "Besides," said Master Nissar. "In those days we were not as clever as stars are now. Film stars invest their money carefully these days. What did we know about these things then?"

The Filmfare Old Artistes' Benevolent Fund has donors like Dara Singh (who is described as an extremely generous man) and M.G.R. The Fund helps old artistes with either regular aid or lump sums to meet some urgent need.

You find women like Protima Dasgupta being threatened every day with disconnection notices for not meeting telephone bills; Protima is reported to be anxious to work but even a Gulzar turned her away rudely. . . You have women like Cuckoo who don't know where their next meal will come from . . Today even a Leena Das (relatively unknown dancer) owns a flat and a car. Lakhs are spent on whisky and cigarettes while the old artistes anxiously wonder about their basic meals and shelter.

We need two things desperately: proper organised effort to provide financial and other security to old artistes and, film producers would do well to reserve at least some work in their mammoth productions for old artistes who are so anxious to work for a living. Maybe then, the next time I ask an old-timer like Sulochana about her forthcoming films, she wouldn't find it such a horrible question to ask!

('World of Eve' has been held over due to lack of spcae — Ed.

hi ya honey!

FLY NOW... RECOUP LATER

By an Alves called Johnnie

I have travelled many times by air thanks to the generosity of Air-India where my daughter works. On my recent return however, I kept thinking of the time when air travel was so glamorous and a subject of envy and conversation two months before departure and three months after arrival.

Today alas! things are so different. A friend of mine who does not have a daughter in Air-India, recently had breakfast with me, dressed in his jeans. I thought he was going to Churchgate, but he left to catch a plane for London, dressed in his torn and faded blue jeans! In the past, each time I travelled I either made a new suit or had my old one laundered and pressed. Those days one really gave the impression, in one's Sunday best, that one was travelling by air, a unique occurrence.

On my first departure to U.K. my wife, accompanied by our five children, their friends and our relatives and in-laws, came to the airport to see me off. I cried on her shoulder and there were tears all around. On my last trip, my wife was fast asleep when I left and the children knew of my departure only when they got up in the morning. When my neighbours heard I had left, they enquired when I would return, because of the spanner I had borrowed.

We used to have farewell dinners those days, when the guests were specially chosen from among those who could not afford to fly and who looked up to you as belonging to an elite circle. I used to be the centre of attraction then, and although I was headed for London alone, to visit my brother who had made certain that I would stay only a week, I used to speak of my plans to visit most of Europe and America and was proud to see the look of envy in their eyes.

Today, if you inform a friend that you are leaving for a holiday to London, he enquires why not to the Continent as well and tells you how he spent two glorious months in Spain, Paris and Geneva with his entire family. Life has lost a lot of its zest nowadays and flying is no longer glamorous.

On my previous flight to London I had a business man on my right who offered me champagne, and a beautiful blonde on my left who promised to see Kew Gardens with me; and if I lived up to her expectations, we would also do London by British Bus. On my recent trip I had a long haired carpenter on my left who asked me to fill in his immigration card and it took me ten minutes to explain to the South Indian bearer on my right, headed also to West Asia, that Air-India had not yet started serving idli-sambar for breakfast.

Compared to the nattily dressed travellers of ten years ago, today if you walk down the gangway of a Boeing 747, you could easily mistake yourself inside the II class compartment of a Western Railway Andheri local. On my recent trip abroad on such a plane, I saw aged gentlemen in T-shirts with messages like "Kiss Me Quick" in front, and "Texas" on the rear. Two buxom females also wore T shirts, one had "I Am Available" and the other had "They Are Real" in bold print. In the latter's case the message was superfluous.

Even the suitcases look different these days. In the past, brown or black was a common colour which made identification difficult. Today they come in all sorts of shapes, colours and sizes. Some even glide on wheels.

Ten years ago, I was pleased to hear "This is Captain Kalia speaking. You are crossing the Alps. The weather is wonderful." Today, as soon as the Captain speaks, I drop the beer and imagine he has a gun at his head and he is about to inform me that he is headed for Damascus.

There is only one change that I am looking forward to on my next trip. Instead of the Customs officers tickling me all over for hidden gems and upsetting my suitcases for transistor radios and calculators, I am told the Asst. Collector will invite me to share a plate of Chicken Supreme and biryani while his men will take their own time upsetting my carefully packed suitcases.

STRIPPED OF ALL ITS GLAMOUR

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF DECEMBER 24

INDIAN CHRISTIAN ART —
Christian themes painted in traditional Indian forms

THE ANGLO-INDIAN COMMUNITY
and its place in Indian society

ANNUAL STAR FORECASTS —
a month-by-month astrological forecast for 1978

CORRECTIVE LENSES —
a doctor's guide to common eye defects and the lenses used to correct them

"SETTING OFF ON THE MIDLIFE PASSAGE"
Our last extract from "Passages" by Gail Sheehy

Cookery and Fashion for Christmas-time

In preparation for our Special Travel Issue, a colour feature on TRAVEL ACCESSORIES

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PARLE

Krackjack the konversation opener

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